Liberty

MAY 13, 1944 10c

Book: THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR
Novel of a Nazi Man Hunt

How National Service Works in Britain

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

The whiskey-wise prefer Kentucky Tavern. They take their cue from the fact that for 73 years only the direct descendants of the original maker have ever controlled its quality . . .

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THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

What do you see, Son, Beyond the Horizon?

Pictures that you alone can see— Dreams that shape a Bright Tomorrow?

We see you a Man—Fine and Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to your lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

LOOK EAGERLY to that far horizon, son! Let your hopes soar higher than the clouds.

For yours is the vision of youth! Yours is the spirit that will meet the challenge of tomorrow. Yours is a future filled with promise—a future you will face, confident, reliant and *smiling*.

Yes, *smiling!* For today the smiles of America's boys and girls are being carefully safeguarded. Right in their classrooms, thousands of youngsters are learning a lesson in dental health that many adults never knew—the importance of firm, healthy gums to sparkling teeth and attractive smiles.

Even in primary grades, these children know that soft foods . . . so common today . . . rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist.* It may not be serious, but get his advice. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

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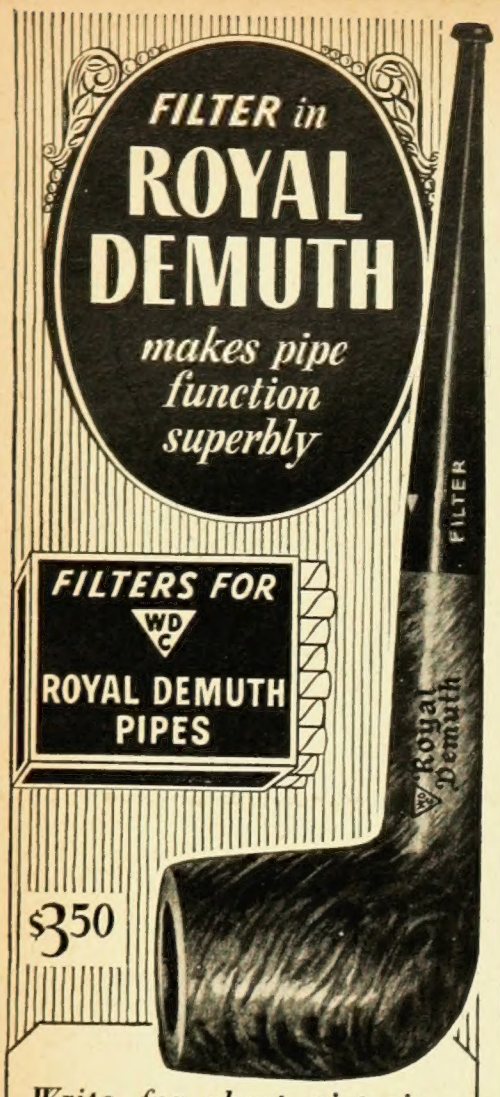

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Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during wartime. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

In This Week's Liberty

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Painted by Herbert Paus

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

My wife calls it "Absent Minded" Insurance!

1 We've got a peach of a maid, but she's a bit absentminded. She'll often leave a stepladder standing in the hall, for anyone to trip over and maybe cause a damage suit.

2 My wife herself has been known to leave a hot iron on the board while she chats over the phone. Or forget that cleaning fluid has to be handled with care to prevent fires.

3 Come to think of it, I guess I'm kinda' absentminded myself. Like the time I stuck my pipe in my pocket still lit. (That was a nice smoking jacket, too, and cost me plenty.)

4 It's mighty reassuring to know that if I'm sued for an accident, or lose something, or suffer damage to something I own, my "North America" insurance will take care of me. All I have to do is tell my local insurance man and he sees that I get paid for all losses covered by my insurance.

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Your local insurance Agent or Broker will gladly tell you how little it costs for "North America" protection against possible losses from these and many other hazards.

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

CHEERS FOR THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I'd like to thank Elizabeth Wilson for her article on Betty the Blonde Bombshell (April 1 Liberty). I, for one, prefer Betty to Sheridan or Stanwyck. When she throws herself around, it makes you

feel as if she has something the other actresses don't have. I'm sure a lot of people think the same way I do, and thanks a lot again.—*Barbara Henegen.*

SHARP WORDS!

EDGAR, MONT.—Regarding the article about the Japanese emperor, We Handle Hirohito Gently—Why? (March 18 Liberty) all I can say is—I hope this copy of Liberty fails to reach the boys who are sweating in the jungles, those parents whose sons are fighting the wily Japs, and those whose sons never returned from Bataan, Guam, etc.

As long as the Japanese people blindly worship the Mikado, we shall have further recurrences of the incidents in Korea, China, and Pearl Harbor.—*Mary Ann Shults.*

PAWLING, N. Y.—A vigorous vox pop and Brooklyn boo for Burnet Hershey, who says, "The emperor could start with a clean slate on the road to rebuilding a peaceful modern nation."

Mr. Hershey has joined other misguided but sincere persons who think that we should rescue that semi-epileptic, crackpot, square-headed Japanese emperor.—*James R. Young.*

REBUTTAL BY HERSHEY!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—To the many Liberty readers who have taken sharp issue with my article on Hirohito, I would like to point out that I was not presenting a personal viewpoint advocating a kid-glove treatment of Hirohito or the Japs. I was functioning only as a reporter, an impersonal conduit of what I had read and heard were symptoms of leniency developing in higher councils. I thought it sufficiently important to call attention to this developing tendency and to point out the reasons for such thinking.

I do not blame these readers for their indignant reaction, for I myself have gone on record against sparing of any war criminal, under pretext of divinity or because he acted on superior orders. I have, however, been greatly impressed by the deep sense of justice voiced by many Americans who actually were imprisoned by the Japs and suffered torture at their hands.

I talked with many who, overcoming their own emotional hatred for the Jap, spoke of Hirohito as a "stabilizing factor in Japan's future political life." Many Chinese, from Chiang Kai-shek down, have agreed that Japan's internal regime should be left to the Japs themselves. It is a debatable point.—*Burnet Hershey.*

HUZZAS FOR HUNTER

NEW BUFFALO, MICH.—This is to commend you for your very apt editorial Who's Got All the Excess Billions? (March 25 issue.) Being one of the "Bills" you used as an example of a man who supports an entire family on one salary, I can really appreciate the obvious points you make regarding the struggle of such families to keep their heads above water under present conditions.

There are any number of fellows like

"Bill," who pay their taxes without grumbling, buy War Bonds, contribute to the Red Cross and other agencies in their efforts to do what is right. But, unless they are blind, they realize sooner or later that one thing we haven't got in this country today is "equality of sacrifice." Thanks again for your very sensible editorial.—*Walter Estrup.*

LEST WE FORGET . . .

SOUTH PACIFIC AREA—Twenty-two months in the South Pacific area are the qualifications for the following opinion. Mud, fever, filth, loneliness, and for the past year sudden death, have been my companions-at-arms.

Every newspaper I have been privileged to read during this time bears the tale of strikes, walkouts, and ab-

senteeism. Do these so-called red-blooded patriots realize that every hour lost to production is an Axis gain?

Prior to a vote on strike or walkout, let it be mandatory that a one-hour film be shown these zealots, depicting death and destruction in these vague theaters of war. The War Department files are replete with film on Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, Munda, Africa, and Italy. An unvarnished account of war in all its so-called glory could easily be assembled.

"I never saw the blighters before . . . they got in when I mentioned going to Louie's for a Whiskey Sour made with Calvert Reserve"

**Calvert has distilled only war alcohol since October 8, 1942*

THIS cheerful little carful drives home a very important point about Calvert Reserve Whiskey Sours. You see, Calvert Reserve has a wondrous way of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in a mixed drink. And its mellow "soft" flavor makes the most finicky palate *purr!* More than ever these days of whiskey scarcity*, Calvert Reserve is . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

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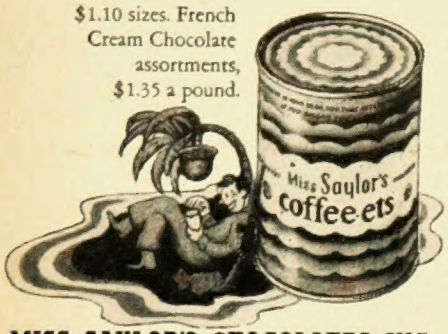
ON LEAVE....

Temporarily, Miss Saylor's French Cream Chocolates and Coffee-ets are on leave. Our unusual candies, which even in wartime retain their individual goodness and home-made flavor... for we still use fresh cream, dairy butter, choice nuts and fragrant, delicately blended chocolate... are pepping up service men and women 'round the world. But we're remembering you, too, so from time to time you'll be able to get our candies at your dealers. Coffee-ets in 60¢ and $1.10 sizes. French Cream Chocolate assortments, $1.35 a pound.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES AND COFFEE-ETS



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100% IMPORTED CANE PRODUCTS

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BOSTON, MASS.

Show these people how our gallant ships die, raked by fire from stem to stern.

Show them the foxhole pleasures of the beachheads of Munda, Empress Augusta, Salerno, and New Guinea.

Teach them the value of *minutes and seconds*, when *men* are left on the beaches, hundreds of miles from help, under the scream and crescendo of Japanese bombs.

Enlighten them on the innumerable times that an entire ship's complement man battle stations for periods ranging from twenty-four to fifty hours at a stretch without relief, complaint, or overtime.

Repeat to them that it is now over eighteen months since we have embraced mother, wife, or child. To us our duty is clear, and we bear no resentment.

Do this—then watch the decline of the lost manpower curve, for I have faith that no true American could or would honestly vote "Aye" for a strike when he actually realizes that every hour lost means a new grave filled from the cream of American manhood.—*V. A. Fitzgibbons, C. M. 1/c, U. S. N. R.*

CAMP SHOWS ON THE FRONT LINE

U. S. N. Hospital, Santa Cruz, Calif. —I read the article The Fellows in the

Foxholes, by Gary Cooper, in March 18 Liberty. What Gary says is all very true.

When I was stationed in New Guinea, I had the privilege of meeting Gary Cooper, Phyllis Brooks, Una Merkel, and Andy Arcari. Every one who saw their act agreed that it really is swell of these Hollywood stars to go to the war zones.

Don't think for one minute that the boys don't appreciate it, because they do.

Lots of questions were answered for us fellows that gave us a much clearer picture of how things were coming along on the home front. We all found that Gary and the others with him were really swell.—*Tom E. Heffer, So. M. 3/c, U. S. N. R.*

ONE MAN'S PLATFORM

Philadelphia, Pa.—What's wrong with isolation? Every nation on the face of the earth is isolationist except Uncle Shylock.

We behold Russia, extending her atheistic tentacles ever farther over the European vitals. This noble "democracy" (Russia) is only one of the fruits of an anti-isolationist policy. Space does not permit me to tell of dear old England, who is looking in all directions to determine where her interests will be safest.

Personally, I stand by Washington, Borah, Wheeler, Nye, Lindbergh, and all those farseeing statesmen who fought lifting the arms embargo, lend-lease, etc., while this country was *maneuvered into war.*—*J. S. Jones.*

DER FUEHRER
By Konrad Heiden
Liberty's Book Condensation
The inside story of Adolf Hitler and his rise—written by a man who probably knows more about him and National Socialism than any other living human being. You'll find it one of the strangest stories of history—the legend of a man who rose from the dregs of society to become the sinister leader of a beaten country—leading them to power and to war! A Book of the Month selection.

DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER—
Part Three
By Lieut. Max Miller, U.S.N.R.
D-Day arrives on our carrier. The boys left behind wonder what the flyers' destination is—and if they'll return safely. You'll wonder and wait, too.

GUMSHOE GENIUS
By Michael Sheridan
Probably no woman ever needs a good cook the way Hollywood producers need a talented property man. Here's the fascinating story of a top-flight "prop" man.

SIBERIA, THE WAKING GIANT
By Maurice Hindus
Siberia is the boom land of the world. Visit this vast rich territory with this crack reporter and learn what a modern frontier country is like.

THE BOY SCOUTS GET TOUGH
By Keith Monroe
Thousands of our fighting men may owe their lives some day to this new, vitalized Boy Scout program. Here's an up-to-the-minute account of the new tactics taught to the Boy Scouts of America.

GEORGE MASQUERADES ON MANEUVERS
By Lieut. Stanley Disney
Liberty's favorite Army private goes all out on strategy; astounds the experts by doubling for death, and wins a back-handed recommendation for Officers' Candidate School.

THE SPHINX CAN DANCE
By Edwin Rutt
Introducing a super-secretary who is every boss's dream and every client's headache. She's Chlo, who paints the town a bright shade of red and breaks down the sales resistance of a tycoon!

PROFESSOR PYRO—
Part Three
By Edwin Lanham
Missy's father is a timid soul when money is needed; and the notoriety of an old friend who gives Eb a stake doesn't help his reputation in Othello!

Romantic meeting of a lovely American girl and a captain in the Royal Wessex...

In the way of sweethearts today—they bravely took what happiness they could...

So great was their love—it spanned the seas and all else that stood between them!

M-G-M's GREAT STORY OF LOVE IN OUR TIME!...

The White Cliffs of Dover

starring

IRENE DUNNE

A CLARENCE BROWN Production

with ALAN MARSHAL *and with*

RODDY McDOWALL · FRANK MORGAN

VAN JOHNSON · C. AUBREY SMITH

DAME MAY WHITTY · GLADYS COOPER

Directed by CLARENCE BROWN

Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Screen Play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel

Based on "The White Cliffs" by Alice Duer Miller

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

How much it meant—that day when the Yanks marched down the streets of London...a thrill that every heart will have!

This magnificent picture celebrates

TWENTY YEARS OF LEADERSHIP

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IODENT
SAFELY REMOVES
Smoke Smudge

Choice of two textures—safety guaranteed—Made by a Dentist, Bears Good Housekeeping Seal. Gently cleans away even tobacco smudges. Restores natural enamel lustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use Iodent and you'll smile with confidence.

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NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
PASTE or POWDER
NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

Here's the difference
...YOU'LL HAVE TO FEEL IT FOR YOURSELF

ORDINARY BLADE
End view—note sharpening like a jackknife.

PAL BLADE
End view—many times magnified to show hollow-grinding.

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HOLLOW GRINDING is a delicate, costly process, but what a difference it makes because the blade is flexible in the razor and shaves effortlessly, with just a "Feather Touch" stroke. Pal Blades last longer because you never "bear down". Try them and FEEL the difference!

PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10c
10 for 25c

DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE

Fit all regular razors perfectly

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A LETTER from a young soldier in England is going to put an awful strain on my rusty French. Seems he wants a one-lesson course in French—and in a hurry! He writes:

"Any day now I expect to take a boat ride with a lot of other G. I. tourists. We'll have some scrapping first; then we'll probably move into inhabited country. I've been too busy to study. So could you send a few words and phrases to help me get started in French?"

Pedagogy isn't my line. But Old Sarge recognizes an emergency and will go to bat—even if he gets batted around in turn by half this country's French teachers.

Let's begin with a formula useful for trying to find some place in a French village. Severing diplomatic relations with grammar, we'll take as our verbal lever *"Où est,"* meaning "Where is."

Où est	*le cinéma?*
(Where is)	(the movie house)
	le bistro?
	(the bar)
	la gare?
	(the station)

Other valuable combinations may be based upon *"Avez vous,"* meaning "Have you." Examples:

Avez vous	*du pain?*
(Have you)	(bread)
	des oeufs
	(eggs)
	du vin blanc?
	(white wine)
	du vin rouge?
	(red wine)
	de la bière?
	(beer)
	du cognac?
	(brandy)

And here are a lot of odds and ends that sort of come to mind:

Voulez vous promener avec moi? (Will you take a walk with me)

Voulez vous promener avec moi en le jeep? (Will you ride with me in the jeep)

Quelle heure est-il? (What time is it)

Combien? (How much)

Compris? (Understood)

J'ai faim. (I'm hungry)

J'ai soif. (I'm thirsty)

Encore. (More, again)

Comment vous appellez vous? (What is your name)

Je m'appelle Joseph Doaques. (My name is Joe Doakes)

Vous êtes très jolie. (You are very pretty)

Je t'aime. (I love you)

Je ne suis pas soûl; c'est le gendarme militaire qui est zig-zag. (I am not drunk; it is the M. P. who is tipsy)

Buy a pocket English-French dictionary at the first opportunity. Practice. Remember, you can almost always start a conversation by asking a native, *Parlez vous Français?*

The other A. E. F. took this much French, or less, and did all right. Here's wishing you and your buddies luck!

OLD SARGE.

Why was a Liberty ship named after Carole Lombard, wife of Clark Gable? Did Captain Gable pay f r the building of the ship?

W. S., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Carole Lombard was named to honor the screen star who lost her life in a plane crash January 16, 1942, while returning from a war bond campaign. All Liberty ships are paid for and named by the government, which in this instance paid tribute to one whose death was truly "in line of duty."

* * *

Am I burned up! You printed a drawing of Minnie the Hippopotamus for that private in New Guinea who said he was tired of pin-up beauties. What did Minnie ever do to help the war effort? Why don't you put in something about Minturno Maud, the pack mule

Git goin'!

I'm now piloting in Italy? She's a soulful cuss with deep brown eyes and is steady under fire. But, Sarge, now and then she gets stubborn and stops in her tracks. Nothing will budge her. Any suggestions for curing that?

Cpl. C. H., Somewhere in Italy.

Well, there's that time-tested remedy of building a fire under the mule. Of course, if her load catches fire before she moves, they'll be deducting it from your pay for six months after the duration. Unless she's carrying grenades—in which case your and Maud's problems will probably be solved simultaneously.

I did know a mule skinner who claimed he had a sure-fire method. He said he just put an arm gently about the beast's neck, slipped a mule ear into his mouth and bit right through. The mule always went right away from there.

How are your incisors?

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

High above the blue Caribbean we discovered this famous Puerto Rican *"mountain rum"*

It's *mountain distilling* that produces this finer rum

There is a *difference* in Ron Merito which your palate will instantly recognize and relish — a flavor captured thousands of feet above sea level, in a little Puerto Rican mountain valley where soil, sun, weather and water are ideal for distilling perfect rum. Enjoy this difference in your next rum drink. Ask for Ron Merito by name the next time you order rum.

And, by the way, have you discovered how versatile a good rum can be? In addition to the better known, strictly "rum" drinks, like the Daiquiri, Cuba Libre and Rum Collins, try Ron Merito in a Manhattan, Old-Fashioned or Sour. *Any* way you drink it, you will agree that this Puerto Rican mountain rum deserves the favor it enjoys all over America.

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Ron MERITO

Available in Gold Label & White Label, 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. National Distillers Products Corporation, Dept. 5-9, P. O. Box 12, Wall Street Station, New Y

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The C-45A, personnel transport, a fast multi-purpose plane built by Beech Aircraft Corporation, is the forerunner of a plane for the postwar industrialist.

Ceiling Unlimited

Determining the altitude of clouds over an airport at night is a highly important part of airways control and various methods have been used to make a calculation. But now a five-mile-high beam of light, 100,000 times as strong as that from a reading lamp, is available to make the estimate much more accurate than before. This should be welcomed by pilots because the "ceiling" at the airport of destination is vital information which all pilots need.

The new method has been developed by the lighting division of Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. The beam from the projector is shot straight up in the air and strikes against the first layer of clouds it contacts, forming a round bright spot. A thousand feet away from the projector, but on the same level, stands an observer with a sighting device that closely resembles the sextant seamen use to shoot the sun. It's called an alidade and it consists of a telescope-like tube about a foot long through which the observer sights the bright spot made by the beam. The sights are adjusted until the bright spot is in the exact center of a mirror in the lower end of the alidade, and a marker at the other end points to the exact altitude of the clouds.

It's just a matter of high-school geometry to make the calculation. By knowing one side and two angles of a right triangle, it is simple to find the dimensions of the other two sides.

The Versatile Mars

The 140,000 pounds gross weight Martin Mars has been such a phenomenal success in its experimental flights for the Navy that the Naval Air Transport Service has ordered twenty more of this giant over-ocean flying boat. But many changes are being made.

Essentially being built for cargo purposes, the boat is designed for instant conversion into a hospital ship, a passenger transport, or a troop carrier. As a hospital ship it will accommodate eighty-four litter cases and twenty-five attendants. As a passenger plane it will accommodate fifty passengers in reclining seats on the lower deck alone; and as a troop carrier it will have a capacity of 132 troopers all seated. As a cargo carrier it will have space for seven jeeps and even greater numbers of field guns or aircraft engines.

The shower baths, pressurizing equipment, mess tables, and lounges which featured the original Mars are being stripped from the production models. The gross weight has been increased to 145,000 pounds, but the same type of four 2,200-horsepower Wright Cyclone engines will be used. The first of the modified Mars will be ready next year. One of the largest airplanes in the world, the Mars is the fond hope of all advocates of flying boats for postwar transoceanic air travel. Its use by the Navy is being watched closely by aviation interests both here and abroad.

Future Luxury Liner

If the Martin Mars is looked to by proponents of flying boats to lead the way for this type of postwar air transportation, they will have stiff competition in the new Douglas DC-7 air liner, which has been designed as a "true over-ocean transport." A mock-up in the Santa Monica plant of Douglas Aircraft Company has been viewed privately for the past year by those who could pass censorship muster. Some figures are available.

Like the modified Mars now being built in Baltimore by the Glenn L. Martin Company, the DC-7 will have a gross weight of 145,000 pounds. It will have a maximum capacity of eighty-six passengers as a day plane and seventy-six as a sleeper, and eventually will have four 3,000-horsepower engines. Its wing span is 173 feet 3 inches; fuselage 123 feet in length, and overall height 43 feet 8 inches. Empty weight is 85,890 pounds, and useful load is estimated at 59,100 pounds. Its speed will be about 400 miles an hour when the large engines are available, and it will have a cruising range of about 4,000 miles.

If you want to buy one, the Douglas Company says the price tag reads $1,250,000, "based on a reasonable production quantity." The DC-7 looks very much like the four-engined C-54 except that it's much larger. It has a single tail, a tricycle gear, and will have the type of accommodations that one can expect of a luxury air liner in the future, such as compartment sections, dining areas, lounge bar, etc. The DC-7 will probably be the largest commercial landplane in existence when the first model comes out of the factory, but is only one of numerous planes of this size which we can expect to see within a reasonably short period after the war.

Postwar Markets via Air

Agriculturists are wasting no time in planning to ship perishable food products by air after the war. Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard has forecast an almost immediate possibility of inaugurating a program for air shipment of farm products, and one of his Bureaus has prepared an analysis in co-operation with Wayne University to show how feasible it is.

Based on a regular cargo transport system from Florida to Detroit, the analysis shows, the transportation charge for a quart of strawberries from Miami to Detroit would be 11.3 cents, and eight cents a pound for tomatoes. The analysis admits that these charges are about six cents higher than by surface transportation, but the Department of Agriculture experts believe the savings in container costs and the higher quality of the product will make the price attractive to the housewife and actually will not represent a substantially higher price than she now pays.

Furthermore, with air transportation, no city is dependent upon one producing area alone. Tomatoes can be delivered to Detroit from Florida, California, Texas, Mississippi, and other points, depending on the particular growing season. New methods of packing are being studied. All in all the agriculture experts are hopeful of opening up vast new markets never available by means of surface transport.

Retribution

Historical note in the air war over Europe: Berlin received in January, 1944, in a single month, as great a weight of bombs as has fallen on London from the beginning of the war in 1939 to the end of February, 1944. Those who have seen some of the bomb damage in numerous English cities can only wonder in bewilderment at the destruction of Berlin accomplished in a month.

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

If you'd like to know how a National Service Act works, take a look at England, where they've got one. The British may not like it—but there's a war on

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTO

Labor Minister Ernest Bevin is popular with workers, is primarily responsible for the success of England's conscription scheme.

NATIONAL SERVICE IN BRITAIN

BY JOHN DUGDALE, M. P.

TODAY every British man under fifty-one and every woman under forty-five has been mobilized. This does not mean that the women have all been turned into WACs and Waves and Spars, or even that every one of them is working in a munitions factory. Every man is indeed called up, but many women are allowed to remain at home to bring up children. Every one is registered, however, and all are engaged in the work the government thinks is most useful to the country in wartime. In no case is it left to the individual to say, "I think I'll do some war work for a month or two," and then, "I think I've done enough war work; I'll go home and take a rest now."

This system may sound like the very opposite of the liberty we are fighting to preserve. Many people say Americans wouldn't stand for it, and that if they are going to win the war it will be done under a system that leaves each individual free to decide what contribution he or she is to make. Naturally, if the American people feel that this is the best way for them to carry on the war, it is not for an Englishman to contradict—though I may point out that a man caught in the draft doesn't have much chance to say how he will serve his country. He is sent off to North Africa or New Guinea without any "by your leave." The difference between Britain and America is that a British man or woman may be packed off to work in a factory or on a farm in the same way that an American man may be drafted into the Army.

How is it that Britain, which, believe it or not, is just as concerned about liberty as America, has stood for a system like this? How is it that we have allowed ourselves to be pushed hither and thither all over the country with scarcely a murmur? The answer is partly that we are right up against it, with the enemy only twenty-two miles away from us, and partly that our system of mobilization has been superbly well run.

The National Service (Armed Forces) Act of September 3, 1939, made all men from eighteen to forty-one liable to be called up for service in the Armed Forces. Later the age was raised to fifty-one, and the liability extended to service in Civil Defense—police war reserve, national fire service, and other nonfighting jobs. So far so good, and not much different from America, except that your age is a bit lower than ours. Industry is where we find the first big difference.

In May, 1940, just before Dunkirk, when things were looking about as bad as they could, an act was passed by which men and women could get jobs in war industries only by applying to the employment exchanges run by the Ministry of Labor. In April, 1941, the clamp was put down on all industries by the Essential Works Orders. Workers of any age engaged in "essential" industry could not leave their jobs or be dismissed (except for serious misconduct) without the permission of the local representative of the Ministry of Labor. Since then we have had complete mobilization of every man in Britain.

What about the women? The National Service Act of 1941 gave the government power to call up for service in the *uniformed* Forces—WACs, Waves, and Spars, to give them their American names—all women aged eighteen to fifty-one, except married women with children living with them. This power has been used to a very limited extent, though, and only women between nineteen and twenty-four have been called up. The vast majority of women compelled to engage in national service are working in non-uniformed jobs. In fact, there have been so many volunteers for the uniformed jobs that last year recruitment

(*Continued on page 65*)

Big John hopped the marine backward like a man in a sack toward the nearest wall. The dance band stopped playing.

The COURTSHIP of MIKE BLANDISH

BY TED TINSLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THE fleet was in—or at least that unit of the fleet that housed, fed, and endured Second Class Seaman Mike Blandish and his good right arm, Second Class Seaman John Kisko. They emerged scrubbed and pink from the Navy Yard gateway into the cold darkness of Brooklyn. They headed for a warm spot known as Dave's Harbor Light so Mike could telephone Eva.

"I am crazy about Eva," said Mike. "Tonight, no kidding, I will say what I have never said to any other dame on earth. I will tell her let's get married."

Big John grinned sadly. He felt like an empty bass drum every time he thought about Mike getting married

He tried to consider more pleasant thoughts inside his massive head. What I got to remember, Big John told himself, is a lowdown marine with a long nose, a white scar across one of his eyebrows. He is sure to be around tonight. He is stationed, Mike says, at the Marine loading base right here in Brooklyn. I will ring his skull for what he done to Mike.

There was nothing Big John liked better than to ring a skull. It was just like a lowdown marine, Big John thought, to slough Mike just because the marine's blonde girl friend had given Mike an adoring smile.

Big John had never seen the marine. On the night Mike had been sloughed Big John had been in the ship's brig because of a little trouble with a pharmacist's mate, third class, who claimed Mike Blandish had won eleven dollars much too handily at poker.

"Hey," said Big John. "Supposin' this Eva is still sore about the blonde?"

"I got a tongue, haven't I?" said Mike.

Mike was certainly a fancy talker, all right. He'd proved that lots of times when the going got tough. Like the time in Vera Cruz when Big John had a couple of drinks too many and made an impulsive mistake about the chief of police. Or the time in Rio when all the doors got suddenly locked and too

many guys inside had jagged bottles. Mike had talked awful smooth that night, his eyes watchful, his hand quietly behind him to hold Big John in silence, his smile like warm sunshine. You couldn't forget things like that.

Or about the steadily growing wad of dough that the ship's paymaster was keeping in the safe for Big John. Mike had made him quit rolling dice as soon as he found out what was back of John's eagerness to gamble. John wanted to own a big chicken farm after the war. He was crazy about chickens. He hoped so fiercely about it that he was easy prey for anybody with a poker deck or a pair of dice. Mike said, "Nuts to that, pal!" and played for them both. It worked out swell, even when Mike lost, because more often than not it turned out that Mike had forgotten to shoot John's money when the dice went sour. When they clicked happily and profitably Mike said, "Shove this in the safe, kid. Half of that fade was yours."

THEY went into Dave's Harbor Light so Mike could phone. There was a long-winded sailor inside the booth. Three more were lined up outside.

"My pal's in a hurry," Big John told them. "He has to talk to a girl name of Eva."

He moved forward and the three waiting sailors moved hastily back. They were from the same ship as Big John, but the sailor inside the booth wasn't. He growled over his shoulder: "Get that big dishpan puss outa here, sailor! Can't you see I'm busy?"

Big John reached in one hand and plucked him out. With the other hand he hung up the dangling phone. The sailor didn't like being plucked. He swung a left and a right. Neither of them landed because Big John's arm was too long. He held the sailor at arm's length until he realized that the guy didn't intend to stop swinging. Then he pushed him toward the wall.

He shook him, without rancor. The sailor's head jerked like a hinge. His skull struck the wall with a faint clunk. Big John lowered him gently to a sitting position.

"O. K., pal," he told Mike.

Mike stepped into the phone booth.

"Hello, babe," he said rapidly. "Good news from the Navy! I'm ashore again. Mike Blandish, and no kiddin'. I'll be right over. I got something to tell you that will—" He stopped abruptly.

Big John couldn't hear what Eva was saying, but he could tell that she was talking vigorously. He wondered why Mike looked so queer. When Eva finished talking there was a loud click from the other end of the wire. Mike's grin was glassy.

"What did she say?" asked Big John.

"She said no."

"You mean she don't want to see you?" It was incredible to see Mike nodding feebly, empty of words. "Maybe she wants extra time to put on a new dress," Big John said. He brightened. "Look. Maybe you help me look for that marine before you call her up again. You can point the guy out to me, see? Then I won't be ringin' no wrong skulls."

Mike shook his head.

"Eva won't listen to me. How about you talking to her? All you've got to do is explain." Mike's smile was getting less glassy. The sound of his own voice began to reassure him. "Tell her I wasn't even looking at that blonde. That's how the marine got his Sunday punch in so easy. Tell her if she'll only just see me, if she'll just let me talk—"

"Yeah, but—"

"Would I be askin' her to marry me if I didn't mean it? Would I be walkin' out on *you*, pal, for any dame on earth —except Eva? How about it?"

"Sure, sure. But—"

"Here's her address. I'll wait on the corner. Just get her to come out, that's all. I'll do the rest."

"Supposin' she won't meet you on no corner?" Big John said.

"Make her."

The hilarious tale of two gullible sailors on shore leave in Brooklyn and a fickle female who picked her men for brawn

"Oh-h." Big John pondered. "Yeah, yeah . . ."

His beaming expression made Mike remember something. He laid a hasty hand on his friend's massive forearm. "No rough stuff. No skull-ringing. Just firm, see? Tell her what a nice guy I am. Don't take no for an answer. Get it?"

"Yeah, yeah," said Big John.

SHE was smaller than a sea gull, Big John thought, but kinda pretty in a redheaded way. Spunky, too. There were blue sparks in her eyes when she opened the door and saw Big John.

"Is your name Eva, ma'am?"

"Who wants to know?"

She sounded like a chief petty officer passing along a complaint from higher up. Big John swallowed. "I—I come on account of Mike Blandish would like me to—I mean, he would like you to—"

"You tell Mike," said Eva, "that I never want to see him again. That goes for all his friends too."

She slammed the door. She seemed startled when it rebounded from Big John's large shoe. He stepped inside, shut the door. "You don't understand, ma'am. Mike is waiting for you on the corner. His heart is breakin' with love."

"Get out!" She shoved fiercely against Big John. When nothing happened she began to kick him in the shins.

"Mike is a wonderful pal," Big John said. She kept on kicking him in the shins. "I come to tell you what a marvelous guy he is."

HE saw that Eva wasn't listening. He looked about for a quiet spot to hold her undivided attention, and his eyes noted a narrow mantelpiece over an imitation fireplace. He lifted Eva up, sat her on the mantel. He kept her from jumping down by holding a large flat palm against her stomach.

"I come to tell you what a nice guy Mike is."

It didn't do her any good to kick out wildly at him because Big John's arm was longer than Eva's leg. After a while she began to laugh.

"I think you're cute."

Big John's jaw dropped. "Who, me?"

"Let me down, please!"

"If I was to tell you some of the marvelous things Mike can do—"

"Tell me some of the things you can do," Eva said. "I mean besides making it hard for a girl to breathe."

He gulped. It wasn't going right; this wasn't what he had come for. He tried to think quickly of Mike's many abilities. He felt confused. All he could remember was the sweet way that Mike could make a pair of dice roll. It didn't seem like a good subject, somehow, to tell Mike's future wife. The only memory that came to him wasn't exactly about Mike, but he told it anyway.

"Once, off Iceland, we got a tin fish right through the belly from a Uncle boat. Mike and me came up in freezin' water with blazin' oil all over the top.

(Continued on page 66)

Big John kept Eva on the mantel by holding a large palm against her stomach.

The PT boats haven't missed much in this war—and they don't intend to. Here's the story behind the news stories of the little wooden ships which are the newest, smallest, and fastest engines of destruction in our Navy

The SKIMMING DISH from HELL

BY A. D. RATHBONE IV

"EASY does it," murmurs the skipper. "Just a little more to port." You swing the wheel over ever so little, and the PT boat, her mighty engines muffled, obeys. But it's hard to gauge the course in the dark. Somewhere along this Stygian New Guinea coast are Jap barges filled with reinforcements. They, too, are creeping through the night, trying to reach their rendezvous before your PT and the one that's following can spot them.

The "exec" whispers hoarsely to the skipper, standing at your shoulder: "Over there—to port!" And there they are, three vague blurs, not 200 yards off. The skipper takes the wheel. You reach for a tommy gun and crouch down just aft the bridge. Closer—closer—just a little closer, and you almost stop breathing.

Then it happens. The Japs open fire, the skipper opens the throttles, the engineer opens the mufflers. Under a terrific surge of power the PT seems almost to leap out of the water as she races toward the barges, her machine guns pouring out a withering fire.

The second PT is right astern, doing the same thing, but it all happens so fast you've raked the barges and are well past them before you realize it. Without slackening speed, both ships heel far over in a sharp turn and make another slashing run past the enemy; then a third. Two barges have disappeared, while the last is sinking.

WEEKS later, after the Navy has released news of this latest PT episode, a man in a factory at Bayonne, New Jersey, records the incident. He is Henry R. Sutphen, executive vice-president of the Electric Boat Company, manufacturers of PT boats, and both his grandson and his grandson-in-law are serving aboard the skimming dishes from hell. Small wonder, then, that he is interested in the strictly unofficial yet carefully maintained "box score" of PT activities during the past six months. It has been compiled from newspaper accounts and Navy releases, and while it bears no naval authenticity, it is reasonably accurate and complete.

At this writing the box score reads as follows:

1 gunboat sunk
4 destroyers sunk
1 destroyer damaged
1 submarine sunk
1 torpedo boat sunk
211 troop and supply barges sunk
8 troop and supply barges probably sunk
41 troop and supply barges damaged
5 miscellaneous ships sunk
8 troop and supply rafts sunk
19 attacks upon shore installations
several airplanes shot down

What manner of ships are these little "hellions of the sea"? Where do they come from? How can their eggshell hulls stand the terrible beatings they are taking? What is their place in the scheme of today's naval strategy? With their ability to destroy great armored warships at small, if any, loss to themselves, do the wooden PT boats signify the end of floating fortresses of steel?

No, nothing so radical. The Missouri, the Iowa, and the rest of America's twenty-three magnificent battlewagons are not doomed to extinction by the ever-increasing success of our newest and smallest and fastest naval engine of destruction. Rather, a new war vessel has been evolved—one that serves to increase the scope of naval operations. Among the reef-infested waters of the Solomons and New Guinea, for example, the PT boats can engage in offensive and defensive tactics denied the mightier warships because of size. For lightninglike, hard-slugging, hit-and-run jobs the PTs have no equal.

About two years ago, however, many a "big-ship" Navy officer and student of naval tactics considered the PTs solely a weapon of defensive reconnaissance operations, and not a very important one at that. For a while they were relegated to the humdrum duties of taxi boats and carriers of messages. Their thin mahogany hulls, their plywood decks and superstructure, their complete lack of protective steel armor made them a target for the habitual disdain of the battlewagon sailor. Sure, they had speed—but what of it? A good gunner could bring down airplanes traveling at two or three times their speed. And if those cigar-box hulls traveling at high speed ever hit anything—good night!

In the days of PT infancy few people recognized the potentialities of a high-speed motor torpedo boat, and some who did cried aloud at the folly of making them of wood. But the Electric Boat Company thought it knew what it was doing, and one day, long before Pearl Harbor, it had the satisfaction of making a believer out of a Doubting Thomas naval officer.

The officer was an old sea dog who had a reputation for demanding more than maximum performance from every ship he skippered. He was frankly quizzical about the PT, and he wanted to try one out for himself. Once aboard, he got right down to business. He doffed his cap and sailed it through the companionway to below decks. His coat, heavy with gold braid, went next; then his tie. Rolling up his sleeves, he grasped the wheel and said brusquely, "All right—let's go!"

And go they did! The men who witnessed that trial run said afterward that what was done to that PT boat shouldn't happen to any ship. She tore through the sea at top speed, spun around almost in her own wake and reversed her course, heeling far over but always righting herself. When she was "braked" by having all three of her motors thrown suddenly into reverse while moving forward at high speed, she slowed instantly, bucked like a wild horse, stuck her nose deep into the water—and quiveringly obeyed the tremendous backward pull of her engines. And when it was over and she nosed gently up to the dock, there wasn't an open seam in her hull or a strained member in her entire construction, and her motors were purring as smoothly as ever.

THE naval officer wiped the spray from his eyes. In a voice filled with amazement he said, "There just isn't any such boat! No man could build a boat that could stand such drastic handling."

Henry R. Sutphen has been building boats for a long time, having joined the Elco staff in 1892, shortly after the company was founded as the Electric Launch Company. In 1906, not long after completing his training as a naval architect at the University of Michigan, another young man, Irwin Chase, threw in his lot with Elco, and now he holds the title of managing constructor. Together Sutphen and Chase have conceived, designed, and built many types of small vessels. In the last war they were responsible for the famous ML, one potent Allied answer to the Kaiser's submarine menace. The MLs were 80 feet long, had a speed of 19 knots and, among other armament, mounted a 3-inch gun. In all, some 700 were built for the British, French, and Italian governments—550 of them sliding down the Elco production ways in 488 days, a record that still ranks high.

It was General Douglas MacArthur who, in 1937, spark-plugged official naval cognizance of the potential strategic value of a new type of high-speed motor torpedo boat. Numerous conferences in Washington resulted in eight

ships of two different lengths and designs, neither of which proved wholly satisfactory to the Navy. Early in 1939 Sutphen, who had had no hand in the experimental jobs, became interested. There were rumors of British trials with a comparable craft, and he determined to find out about them. One month later he and Chase were in England. Their record with the MLs in the last war proved open sesame to the British Admiralty. They returned home as the new owners of a seventy-footer powered by three Rolls-Royce engines. The ship itself, later known as PT-9, arrived September 4, three days after war broke out in Europe.

Extensive trials convinced Elco that when it came to PT boats, they could beat the British. The Navy agreed, and in January, 1940, Elco got an order for twenty-three PTs which, with PT-9, would form Uncle Sam's initial two squadrons. Any questions concerning the success of those early models are answered by today's busy production line in the new $1,500,000 plant designed, built, and financed by Elco.

Actually, that production line occupies several buildings, beginning, quite naturally, with huge storage spaces for lumber—beautifully grained African mahogany, resilient Alaskan spruce, and stout American oak. An Elco PT is not a plywood boat, as has frequently and erroneously been stated. Her hull planking, which is double, is of mahogany with a total thickness of less than an inch. The planking is laid diagonally to impart greater strength, and a specially doped fabric between the inner and outer hull sheathings assures watertightness. The mahogany and oak form the intricate framework, and the spruce is turned into keels.

THE artistry, the care, and the exactitude which go into every PT begin with the hand-hewn keels of spruce. The 80-foot-long blocks of wood lie atop a number of sawhorses. Lines have been drawn along the full length of the two sides and the bottom. Several men, each with an adz and each a highly skilled artisan, trim the keels to shape along those lines. When they have finished it looks as though a giant carpenter's plane had sliced the spruce to its smooth surface.

Every bit of wood that goes into a PT—and there are thousands of them—is planed and sanded to fit with the utmost precision. The interior finish of doors, the built-in furniture, the cupboards—of which there are a surprising number—are reminiscent of a fine yacht, and the value of such living and working quarters as morale sustainers is high indeed.

There are a lot of things about the construction of a PT that can't be told until the final day of settlement with Nippon. Meanwhile, the Japs would give their best buck teeth to get their hands on one. Notwithstanding the immense losses in Jap warships, cargo vessels, and personnel inflicted by PTs and their daring crews, the yellow men don't yet know exactly what makes a PT click. In every instance when a PT has been hopelessly crippled in action, her crew has instantly demolished whatever was left.

In Elco's long, broad two-story assembly building, however, you can stand at the rail of a narrow catwalk, high above the floor, and watch the little ships grow from skeletons to the complete hulls with low superstructures. They don't "lay a keel" here;

(*Continued on page 53*)

Speediest thing afloat, the all-wood PT boat is the David of naval units, able to knock out the biggest ocean-going Goliath.

An armament of machine guns and torpedo tubes gives the little boats deadly sting—and they are gone before the enemy knows what hit him.

They have made their name in jungle waters, roaring out of the black night to destroy Jap shipping. A camouflaged PT at a New Guinea base.

HOMECOMING

Joe had waited six long years to get a glimpse of home, but he'd never realized what a price he'd have to pay for it

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN W. COLLINS

WHEN the train reached Troy, Carmody began to feel butterflies in his stomach. There were still sixty-five miles to go—maybe an hour and a half—but he began to feel home in his bones. From the station platform, where he stood smoking a cigarette while they changed engines, you could only see the grimy city streets and the soot-blackened windows of the machine shops that bordered the tracks, but there was something different in the air. This wasn't just any city. This was the last outpost of all the things Carmody had known and hated for six years. Two minutes after they pulled out of here things would change. There would be green hills and sloping pastures and broken-down stone walls and plowed earth.

It was spring. There would be no foliage yet on the tops of the hills, but there would be the evergreen and the bright whiteness of birch trees. There would be cows. The streams would be swollen from the last of the spring thaw.

The candy butcher came along the platform. He had discarded his chocolate peppermints for a basket of sandwiches and containers of cold milk. Carmody was hungry but he passed it by. In an hour and a half he would walk into the High-Tone Restaurant, just a few rods from the depot. Mrs. Briggs would be behind the counter.

"One of those hamburger steaks," Carmody would say, "with French fries, some sliced tomatoes with oil and vinegar, and a couple of your homemade rolls. And don't burn the meat up, Mrs. Briggs."

Mrs. Briggs' eyes would pop. "Well, for land's sake, if it isn't Joe Carmody!" Then she'd bridle. "You know right well, Joe Carmody, I never burned a good piece of meat in my life!"

CARMODY would sit in one of the booths. He would drop a nickel in the juke box and smoke a cigarette and maybe have a beer while Mrs. Briggs fried the potatoes for him in deep fat. She would ask him how he'd been doing.

She could see for herself he'd been doing all right. His clothes were a little loud even for his own taste, but when you operated around a race track you had to be noticed. He'd been doing fine. His bum leg had kept him out of the Army, and he'd cleaned up passing tips to the suckers who didn't know what else to do with all the dough they were earning out of the war. Carmody couldn't complain. He had money in his pocket and he didn't owe anybody in the world a cent.

The hour and a half from Troy to Manchester was the longest hour and a half Carmody had ever spent. He had the fidgets. Ten minutes before they were due he was out in the vestibule of the car, smoking. This was his territory. He could see Equinox Mountain. He'd climbed to the top of it many times. He'd taken parties of summer people up to the top and pitched camp for them for overnight. They'd thought they were having a hell of a time being bitten by black flies, sleeping in blankets on the hard earth, eating slumgullion for breakfast. Well, they *were* having a hell of a time, Carmody thought. Maybe he would take the trip again, just for himself, while he was home.

The warning wail of the engine whistle told him they were coming into Manchester. He pinched out his cigarette and dropped it on the vestibule floor. The brakeman came along and opened the door and lifted the section of flooring that covered the car steps. Carmody was right behind him as he stood on the bottom step waiting for the train to stop at the platform.

Then he was there, the platform under his feet. He just stood, gulping in deep breaths of the cool mountain air. It was all the same: the High-Tone, Papa Bernstein's paper store, the Rummage Shoppe, the red-brick façade of the Battenkill Inn. Without looking he knew that Pat Holcomb, the station agent, wearing a green eyeshade and black sleeve garters, would be talking to the mail clerk on the train, handing him some last-minute stuff for Rutland or Burlington or maybe Montreal.

A shadow fell across Carmody's face. It was because a large fat man suddenly stood between Carmody and the sun.

"Hello, Joe," the fat man said.

For a second Carmody looked quickly to the right and then to the left. His weight shifted forward to the balls of his feet. Then he sighed and relaxed.

"Hello, Ed," he said.

"I just happened to see you, Joe," the fat man said. "You could of knocked me over with a feather."

Carmody's smile was twisted. "Quite a chore—knocking you over with a feather, Ed."

"I'm sorry to have to do this," the fat man said.

"You could of looked the other way," Carmody said.

The fat man turned and called out to the station agent: "Call Bill Swift and have him come down with the car, Pat. I got Joe Carmody here."

The train whistle hooted; the air brakes were released and the cars began to move. Carmody and the fat man were alone.

"We might as well sit down here on the baggage truck and wait," he said. They sat down on the baggage truck, their feet dangling. The fat man stared at the toes of his yellow shoes. "I don't see why you came back, Joe. Why did you come back?"

Carmody lifted his eyes to look at the green hills that lined each side of the comfortable Vermont valley. He wouldn't get Mrs. Briggs' hamburger now.

"I had to come back," he said. "Maybe it's because this place is home to me. I could draw the outline of those hills with my eyes shut." He shook his head. "Six years is a long time to be away from a place you love. There was a girl—"

"Yeah," the fat man said. "Helen North. She married Tom Oliver. They got three kids."

"IT hardly seems she's old enough," Carmody said. "She used to like to fish. She lived only about a half mile from us. She used to come and throw pebbles at my window about four in the morning. I'd sneak downstairs without waking the old man, and she and I would walk up into the top orchard near the head of the brook and start fishing downstream. She always brought a couple of sandwiches and maybe apples. Her old man grew McIntoshes. They got a wonderful taste when they come off the top of a barrel in the cellar. I've bought 'em in New York but they don't taste the same. Probably the cold storage kills the flavor." He hesitated. "She used to wear old blue jeans and sneakers. Most of the time she'd take off the sneakers and go barefoot. She had such small feet—such pretty, small white feet. It's funny, I never even kissed her, but I always thought maybe some day—" He was silent a moment. "She could fish the pants off me. I guess maybe I paid too much attention to her and not enough to my line. We weren't fancy fishermen, you understand. We used worms. Hell, we liked trout."

The fat man didn't speak. He just stared at his shoes.

"I had to come back," Carmody said. "I got a yen for the way the cheese smelled in Peltier's store when they took the big wooden cover off it. I got a yen to see old man Hazelton sitting on his front stoop in a broken rocker, with a bunch of trout flies stuck in his hat and a million stories he was dying to tell. I got a yen for swimming in the quarry, where the water is so deep and clear and blue. I got a yen for the smell of fresh warm milk in pails. I wanted to see the first green pea shoots

A large fat man suddenly stood between Carmody and the sun. "Hello, Joe," the fat man said.

reaching up toward the brush. Funny, but I had a yen to hear a mongrel collie dog barking at the moon. I had to come back."

The fat man lifted his head. "It's a high price to pay to smell a pail of milk, Joe," he said. "The judge may go light on you on account of you paid the money back. But even if it's only a year it's a lot of time out of a guy's life. The old man would never forget—not if you paid him back ten times over. You know," and he looked thoughtfully at Carmody, "I never could figure why you stole the money from the old man in the first place."

Carmody's mouth twitched at the corner. He raised his left hand to hide the twitch, and the handcuff chain yanked the fat man's hand up too. Carmody looked at the hills, and his eyes were bright, the lashes wet.

"I had to have a stake," he said. "I guess it sounds crazy to you, Ed, but back in those days I thought if I didn't get out of this jerk town I'd go nuts."

THE END

He gets the answers—Jimmy Jemail, the Inquiring Fotographer.

This doesn't seem an impertinent question. The WAC answers readily.

AMERICA'S NOSIEST MAN

BY MORT WEISINGER

HE'S the most inquisitive man in the world. When he asked a Brooklyn housewife if her husband was an ardent lover, she slapped his face. When he asked the president of U. S. Steel, "Are you a success?" the tycoon offered him a job. And when he asked one mother if she considered her telephone a necessity, the New York Telephone Company mailed her answer to millions of potential subscribers the country over.

A human question mark, Jimmy Jemail, "Inquiring Fotographer" for New York City's hyperthyroid Daily News, flashes his 1.5 Contax camera every day of the year at rich man, poor man, beggarman, and thief, and sidewalk-interviews them for 6,000,000 tabloid readers.

During the past twenty-three years diminutive, dapper Jemail, now fifty, tipping his hat and toting a $200 camera, has buttonholed, quizzed, and photographed the man in the street some 200,000 times. More than 84,000 of his pictures, six to a column, and each accompanied by fifty words of Joe Blow philosophy, have been published smack on his paper's editorial page.

"Should a wife believe the things she hears her husband say in his sleep?" . . . "Why are you a bum and will you ever leave the Bowery?" . . . "What is the biggest lie you ever told?"

Such chronic curiosity has clotted the News' telephone arteries with readers out for Jemail's blood, has enriched the swearing vocabulary of midtown postmen staggering under swollen mailsacks, and has sent lawyers scurrying into legal foxholes.

But Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, the tabloid's publisher, loves it. A few years ago his advertising department paid a research agency $45,000 to poll 25,000 New Yorkers on the column they liked best in his world circulation champion. The Inquiring Fotographer romped way out in front in the reader-interest race.

Vice-President Garner once told Jemail that he would rather read his column than hear the President speak, because it gave him an accurate idea of the trend of thought among the nation's citizens.

Jemail's daily inquisition block has been recognized as a one-man bureau of public relations by practically every branch of the War Department. When the Navy needed more SeaBees, it phoned the Inquiring Fotographer. The next day Jemail visited the Park Avenue recruiting station, chowed with six veterans, and asked them: "Why did you join the SeaBees, an outfit as tough as the U. S. Marines, with a calling equally hazardous?" The bulldog edition of the Daily News containing the thumbnail answers was still being hawked by newsboys when hordes of volunteers began swamping the SeaBee office.

Recently, when Waves recruiting fell off sharply, Jemail focused his lens on a sextet of Waves' mothers at the request of Captain Kenneth Castleman, naval procurement officer. "How has your daughter benefited by enlisting in the Waves?" he asked them. The mothers were so sincere in reporting the advantages of the Waves that the recruiting graph line promptly zagged to the top.

His questions have also spurred recruiting for the Army, Coast Guard, Marines, and Spars, and have hypoed the sales of War Bonds and encouraged the salvage of waste fat.

This trick of double-edging his questions to serve a civic purpose was mastered by Jemail many years ago. When the New York Police Department was agitating to raise its low salary scale, it solicited his aid. "Would you be a policeman if it took you five years to reach $2,500 a year?" he bellowed in his column. Six unanimous "No's!" echoed by a roaring torrent of letters from readers indignant at the low salary paid the city's "finest," helped win the police their raise.

Conversely, many of Jemail's questions have backfired. Last October, as a gag, he walked into Manhattan's swank Yale Club and asked six members: "What would you think of a swap of Churchill for Roosevelt?"

"Excellent!" ad-libbed one member. "And if the English objected, I'd throw in Eleanor to clinch the deal!" Time Magazine reprinted the question, and for the next ten days pro- and anti-New Dealers the country over cheered and harassed Jimmy by mail.

Another time, collaring six office workers in the Wall Street district, Jemail asked them: "If you could tell your boss what you thought of him, what would you say?" When employers fired two of the clerks after reading their candid answers, the jobless men threatened to bring suit against the newshawk. Jimmy coolly reminded them that they had signed releases for their statements.

She is photographed, and won't tell her friends about it.

THE PLACE.
Times Square.

THE ANSWERS.

Pfc. Olivia D. Lima, WAC Detachment, Air Transport Command, Washington, D. C.: "Military discipline will make me a better wife, but just let a man try to boss me around! The WAC teaches us how to obey orders, but it also teaches us how to give them. I wouldn't take orders from my husband even if he were—well, a second lieutenant."

The question was: "Will military training make you a better wife?"

Sex questions get the prying reporter into more jams than Dick Tracy—his biggest rival in the News. Working a public square in Jersey City, Jimmy was arrested and thrown into a psychopathic ward for asking a middle-aged woman: "Do you remember your first kiss, and how did you enjoy it?" His prankish city editor refused to identify him and Jemail cooled his heels there overnight.

"Why did you bleach your hair?" got him a clip in the chin from one girl's fiancé, and landed him in jail. But, out on bail an hour later, his jaw plastered with tape, he persisted. After thirty-two flat denials he finally collected his answers. Five had tinted their locks to please their husbands. One, because her red hair got her whistled at every time she walked down the street.

Jimmy goes answer-shopping geographically. When he has to fill his column with the American feminine reaction to fashion, he interviews Fifth Avenue strollers. For questions on show business he shuttles over to Broadway. For sports queries he invades Madison Square Garden, Lindy's, or Dodgerland. The great terminal stations, with their throngs of commuters, provide him with suburbanite viewpoints.

HE once went to Hobo College, a bleak habitat on the lower East Side. "Why are you a hobo?" he asked six down-and-outers. One of them was Pat Mulhern. Pat and his wife lived in a basement and published a one-page newspaper with a small hand printing press. Jimmy gave Pat the top spot in his six-decker and Pat was shortly visited by a succession of feature writers from leading magazines. The publicity made the hobo famous. That was twelve years ago. Today Mulhern sells 200,000 copies a week of the Hobo News to cosmopolites, and credits Jimmy Jemail for his success.

"How do you get your inspiration for your songs?" Jimmy once asked a half dozen songsmiths in Tin Pan Alley. One was Billy Hill, who took Jemail to his home. Mrs. Hill was about to become a mother, and the gas company had turned off the gas for nonpayment of a $36 bill. "You see," said Billy, "there's the real inspiration. Need for money." Within an hour he had written three songs. Together they went to a recording company, where Hill offered to sell the three songs outright for $36. They laughed at him. Later he sold the songs to a more discerning publisher. One of the numbers was The Old Spinning Wheel, which became a smash hit, sold 750,000 copies. The second was The Last Round-Up, which topped 450,000.

Jimmy Jemail, the Inquiring Fotographer, has been asking other people questions for twenty-three years. But this time we're on the receiving end

Jimmy has made the Inquiring Fotographer a journalistic prop. Today at least one paper in every key city carries a similar column. So do nine out of every ten Army camp papers.

Son of a shoe manufacturer, Jimmy was born in Lebanon, Syria. When he was seven, his parents came to the United States and settled in Newport, Rhode Island. Jimmy ran a ten-mile paper route after school. In 1913 he was appointed to Annapolis. He stuck there for two years, then left for Brown, where he became a four-letter athlete and received All-America football mention. He helped beat Yale and Harvard and represented his college in the first Rose Bowl game. World War I interrupted his college education. He joined the Navy as an ensign, served on eight ships, and rose to the rank of lieutenant. For a period he served as Admiral William Sowden Sims' decoding aide.

To this day Jimmy has a sentimental spot for the Navy, and annually repeats the question: "Who do you think will win the Army-Navy football game?" Invariably four or five of the six answers favor the middies.

JIMMY is journalism's only janitor ever to become a columnist in a single day. In the spring of 1921 he answered the News' want ad for a copy boy who would sweep out on Sundays. On his first Sunday at work, Phil Payne, then city editor, recognized him as the star 160-pound halfback and gave him the Inquiring Fotographer chore.

"It was the paper's most loathsome stint," he recalls. "John Chapman, now the News' drama editor, was handling it then. He threatened to resign unless relieved of the assignment. Payne warned me, 'It's a dirty job. You may get punched in the nose, arrested, or even put in a strait jacket.' I took the job for thirty-five a week—and all of Payne's prophecies came true!"

Almost immediately Jemail and his editor got into an intellectual tug of war. Payne liked to beam the questions to the tabloid mind. But Jimmy plotted to stimulate intelligent controversies. So the column became infiltrated with such questions as: "Give an unusual example of how the New York Public Library has been of help to you," and "Which do you consider the five greatest inventions?" For one question, "Do you agree with Edison's contention that college men are ignorant?" Jimmy canvassed Columbia University's Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, N. Y. U.'s Chancellor Ellsworth Brown, and Fannie Hurst, the novelist. "Too highbrow!" criticized the management. A truce was the outcome, with Jemail acting as mouthpiece for the millions six days a week and interviewing celebrities on the seventh

(Continued on page 69)

to deck the signal officer is considered a supreme artist.

Men attend church service in shifts without interrupting ship's routine.

Talk always comes back to flying in naval pilot groups.

scene is scarcely tranquil when returnflyers report to intelligence officer.

DAYBREAK FOR

Tension increases on our carrier as D-Day approaches. Mix with the flyers, listen to the hard-bitten antiaircraft gunners, and watch that supreme artist, the landing signal officer, in action

BY LT. MAX MILLER, U.S.N.R.

In Liberty last week Lieutenant Miller took his story's readers aboard a carrier in mid-Pacific on her way westward for a coming engagement. He showed exactly how it looks and how it feels to be a young "Airedale" hard at work in a crew on the crowded flight deck; to gaze up at that "honeycombed island" in which experts keep track of the carrier's flyers; to join in a bull session in the pilots' readyrooms; to await the tense early hour of the daily General Quarters; and to witness a dawn patrol's take-off.

PART TWO

THE whereabouts of the next coming raid is learned aboard this carrier in more than one way. The official announcement occurs perhaps on the afternoon of the third day out, after everybody aboard has a pretty good idea anyhow. The customary afternoon's announcement is given over the loudspeakers that all officers not on watch are expected to attend class in the wardroom. Ordinarily these classes are on "recognition." Yet so strong are the powers of scuttlebutt that we know already what is coming up.

The afternoon "class," to put it conservatively, is attended much better than usual. The wardroom is darkened while charts, maps, and photograph slides of our objective are thrown on the small screen. We are told by a judicial voice not only where we are going but also the hour we are going to get there, and the exact minute when the first take-offs will be made—if all goes right.

After the main announcement is made, we are told how no friendly islands are anywhere around the place we're headed for, "and so, if any of you find yourselves on a raft and are looking for a place to drift to—well, don't look for the currents to take you to any friendly islands. And besides..."

And then the ship's doctor gives his customary little talk, about how you should all take a clean bath on the evening before the attack and get into the cleanest underwear you have and report for another tetanus booster shot, etc., etc.

That's all there is to the announcements—nothing we aren't pretty sure of already. For by now the whole crew knows not only where we are going but also exactly how long it will take us to get there.

This fact was evident that morning at G. Q. We were standing at our battle station when we overheard two gunners arguing. The argument didn't have anything to do with guns. This was what one gunner said to the other:

"Lookit, you better not throw that at me—if you want to live out the rest of your five days and three hours."

A CARRIER is built for her flyers and around her flyers, and when they are not aboard a carrier cannot help but seem half empty and spiritless.

At our nightly gabfests in the flyers' staterooms we argue about everything under the sun. Naturally, sooner or later the talk will get around to women. But apparently they can be classified less as an argumentative topic than as a topic of memory.

The staterooms of the flyers are not different seemingly from the other staterooms aboard. They contain the customary two or three or four bunks and the same sort of desks and the same sort of lighting fixtures, and more or less the same sort of pictures.

If one of the flyers happens to be pleasantly married or even soberly engaged, his pictures most likely will have been selected accordingly. But opposite him in the same stateroom may be another young flyer whose taste in pictures is not so limited. He

Waving his colored paddles as though flailing hornets, the signal officer brings his planes aboard.

Dinner on the carrier, with white napery and shining service, resembles a hotel banquet.

OUR CARRIER

These young gunners can pop down just about any target sent aloft.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

may still be so young that, as regards women, a good portion of his future remains ahead of him, and so do his hopes. The walls are so decorated that if some of the younger unattached flyers should have to stay out at sea much longer, they would have cause to assume from their own pictures that a lady is something which everlastingly is seated on the floor with one knee upturned.

By the end of a day's flying some of the pilots are just naturally too all in to do anything but sleep. Yet there is an invisible power aboard which can guide the opposite-minded flyers into that stateroom where a session happens to be going on. They come in and sit around on the bunks, wearing whatever brevity of clothing the temperature calls for. They will talk about any topic except flying, unless by chance some flying incident of the day happens to appeal to all of them as worth while for entertainment.

Yet flying remains in their minds so heavily, so consistently, that it is there in the stateroom whether they mention it or not. It pervades the room; it hangs from the lights, it sticks in the corners, it stands up in the middle of the deck, it sits on the writing pads. It is there, all right. It is there all the time.

A FLIGHT deck is an island completely surrounded by antiaircraft guns. These guns are completely surrounded by youngsters whose main wish at sea is that enemy craft may try to come through.

These gunners comprise their own shirtless tribe, and their conversations during watch hours usually are conducted in low growling monotones. There seems to be an unwritten law among them that to say a pleasant word to their fellow crew members is the lowest form of discourtesy. The best time to overhear a gun crew at the height of its sour remarks is during that wretched hour of the predawn G. Q.

These young gunners know right well that they are good and can pop down just about any target sent aloft for them to put down. Partly for this reason, they have come to fear neither the gun captain nor the Holy Ghost.

After two or three days in port the gunners, when back aboard, are always the ones who have had the most amazing experiences ashore. Though their shore leave may have been limited to minutes, and at a base undergoing a woman famine, their greatest difficulty apparently was choosing without hurting too many feelings. When the gunners tell about the demands made of them by the world's most beautiful ladies, one's faith in manhood indeed seems restored to its proper place again.

Examples of gunners' sarcasm one to another would not mean so much when repeated. For the time element and the surroundings and the circumstances have much to do with the sting. Nobody pays any attention to any one else's remarks, of course. The remarks are played before an audience of deadpans, an audience which wouldn't give anybody the benefit of a laugh even if he pulled off one of his arms and began eating it.

When target practice actually is under way, though, these same deadpanners become demons of fanaticism. It is as if each load were being discharged deliberately at some guy they didn't like.

The target may be one of the aerographer's balloons sailing away at an unbelievable rate. Or again, the target may be a sleeve being towed by a plane. But anyhow, when the balloon is exploded or when the sleeve is knocked out of the sky on the first round, the gunners don't act surprised or even overly happy. They merely growl a little, load up again, and wait for the next one.

THE job aboard a carrier which appears to be the most fun (from a distance and in photographs) is that of the landing signal officer. He is the one so often pictured standing aft by the fantail, colored paddles in each hand and waving them as if the air were rent with hornets. His base of operations is a small grilled platform which swings off the flight deck, and his backdrop is a screen of canvas.

Planes cannot simply race in and land aboard a carrier without guiding help. They could try it, of course, and supposedly some would succeed. But on approaching the flight deck for a landing, the pilot encounters a most definite

(*Continued on page 54*)

MIRACLE AT MEXITALUCA

Jemima was a refugee from reality until a chance reunion and a brief encounter with adventure south of the border revived old memories and showed her the way back home

BY JEAN FRANCIS WEBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

PERHAPS for a full minute they stood with eyes fixed on each other, their mutual recognition blanked out by disbelief. Then a cockatoo riffled its crest and screamed obscenely. Once again Jemima was alive, standing midway of a cocktail patio in a sun-baked seaside hotel which Daw found amusing.

"Dr. Bromfield, I presume?" she said in her quick breathless little voice. "Bill, whatever are you doing in Darkest Mexico?"

"Up to right now," Bill Bromfield said, "I wondered myself."

Jemima held out her hand, surprised to find that after four years the pressure with which his fingers folded around it still could be disturbing.

"We'll drink to this, if you aren't meeting somebody else?"

Bill's voice held that old half-question which always had assumed her willingness but never her availability. And when, after hesitating, she nodded, he said, "Still cold milk?"

Jemima sat down on the thong-backed chair he pulled out for her. Raw noon sunshine filtered past the palms. "Imagine your remembering that!"

"Why not? There was a time, remember, when my café shots of Jemima Stanton were standard rotogravure equipment."

One red nail traced a circle on the table top. "A different world, Bill. You heard we left Paris just ahead of the Germans?"

A waiter paused at his elbow and he ordered. The milk for her. Some cocktail with tequila in it for himself. The waiter went off and Bill's back seemed to sense the precise instant at which he withdrew beyond earshot. He said, "I tried to find out about you, after Paris. I was worried. A guy on our cable desk finally caught some mention of the Dawson Moores in Madrid."

"From Madrid we got to Casablanca," Jemima said. "Then back to Lisbon. Then onto a cattle boat for South America. Daw was seasick all the way. My round-the-world honeymoon!"

Their drinks arrived, and once more Bill waited until they were alone before he resumed conversation. An odd habit for Bill, yet he seemed to have grown good at waiting. One change from the old days!

"Tell me about you, Bill. You don't belong in Mexitaluca."

"Don't I, though! Seems a certain bright young photographer got too big for his pants a couple of weeks back. Seems one gent the war-profiteering pictures showed up decided to sue. Maybe *you* don't yearn for Mexitaluca, but it's a dilly of a hide-out!"

"I'll grant the world and his brother are hiding here. Dutch, French, Poles, Czechs."

"And a few Japs and Germans, too?"

"Probably."

The cockatoos shrilling and swinging on their rings were real. The *guitarristas* were real, strumming sadly behind the palms. But not Bill, surely? Was Bill of those purse-proud storms and those violent if infrequent kisses really sitting across from her now?

(After that last time when he bought her milk, she had written him a letter: "Darling, it just wouldn't work. I shouldn't have said I'd be poor with you, because we Stantons eat lotus by the bale. Oh, Dawson Moore isn't you. There's no balloon ascension inside me when he holds my hand. But, Bill dear . . .")

"Jemima Stanton Moore," he drawled slowly, speculatively. "It still seems funny, not seeing you in headlines." Bill squinted at his tequila. "There aren't any glamour girls nowadays. They rivet in war factories. You were the last of the star-dusted page boys, Jem."

She touched her fall of shining copper hair where it fanned out to hide her shoulders. There was odd bravado in the gesture.

"I've always worn it this way!"

"You haven't changed," Bill said, and sounded almost sad. "But America has. Lordy, how America's changed!"

"I imagine I'd still recognize the Fifties after dark."

"They still run east and west across the island. But they're for soldiers on leave and nurses' aides and—ah, well!"

Jemima pushed back her chair quickly. "If you're to be in hiding long, Bill, let us introduce you around. We see quite a lot of two refugees, Trina and Albert van Hagen. You might like them."

"*Van* Hagen?" Bill paused. "Not—not *von?* You're sure?"

"Of course not. They're from Amsterdam, poor dears. We'll have you all for dinner some night soon, when Daw's feeling up to it."

"Dinner soon," Bill agreed politely, standing up. He seemed taller in neat whites than in those tweed antiques of years ago. Or was it because she'd grown used to Daw, who was neither tall nor electric?

She nodded brightly, too brightly, and turned away. Then, briefly, she veered back to say in her rustly voice, "Thanks for worrying, Bill. Sometimes, on our dash to Madrid, I sort of wondered if you would. . . ."

THEIR sun deck, which really was a flat hotel garage roof, was unshaded. Its tile flooring burned under Jemima's sandals as she came out from the bedroom and dropped into a gaudy canvas chair near the one where her husband stretched amid his sun oils and magazines.

"You took a long time mailing a letter," he said sulkily.

"I ran into some one from home." Her placating small smile had become habit. "Didn't you sleep?"

"Just dozing off when Albert dropped by." Daw opened his dying eyes. The smudged circles under them were like bruises. "You look younger, Jemima."

"Do I?" She could sense from his quietness what would be coming next.

Shuddering imperceptibly, she twisted to face the water. The Gulf of Tehuantepec was an endless blue floor under an endless blue ceiling. Between the two the mountain perch of the hotel cut a cruel right angle to the narrow ledge beneath.

Down there, Mexitaluca contrived to sprawl even within constricted limits. The sun was an assault on its red rooftops and the twin white spires of the Cathedral of the Miracle. Up the steep road from town, a peon atop a rickety wagon goaded his donkeys.

"It was Bill Bromfield." Daw simply stated a fact. "I needn't even have listened to Albert's description of your *vis-à-vis*. I'd only have to look at you. You always were in love with him."

"I married you," Jemima said.

She heard the chair creak as her husband rose on one elbow, straining toward her. "Didn't seeing him again revive those schoolgirl dreams you used to wallow in when I first knew you?"

SHE turned to face him at that. His fleshless face swung into her line of vision again; the pale mustache penciled in beneath a crag of nose, the thinning pale hair.

"Would you like me to read to you, Dawson?"

He made no protest while she thumbed the pages of the nearest magazine. Pictures handsomely contrived and meticulously reproduced flickered idiotically before her. The ponies of a cup team making a splash at Meadowbrook. A Southampton wedding in all its color camera glory. . . . *(Bill had said defense workers. Bill had said nurses' aides.)*

"Did he try to kiss you?" probed Daw's thin voice.

Jemima snapped together the vapid glossy pages desperately. "What was Albert here for? Since we're dining with them—"

"Peddling more family heirlooms,

(*Continued on page 48*)

Jemima flung toward them. "Albert!" she wailed. "Some prowler– running!"

PROFESSOR

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BACK in 1910, Othello, Oklahoma, was a sleepy little town—until Professor Pyro appeared; real name, Eb Peters. He persuaded the bank president, J. G. Watson, to lend him three hundred dollars on a poker hand, which he won. Then he met Mistletoe Watson, J. G.'s daughter, interested in votes for women, and told her he was an oil man looking for a stake.

That night, Professor Pyro gave an exhibition of "Mount Etna in Eruption." As soon as the few puny fireworks were ignited, Eb scrammed for that part of the fence behind which his horse and buggy were hidden, and found Missy Watson seated in the vehicle. He had no time to argue, for his infuriated audience was already in hot pursuit. Foremost was Albert Neville, bank cashier, in his thirty-mile-an-hour Brush runabout.

To her own surprise, Missy helped the "professor" to elude the mob, directing him to her father's hunting lodge and permitting him to sleep in the smokehouse.

PART TWO

THE floor of the smokehouse was hard even through a double layer of blanket, and Eb's back was aching when daylight brightened the cracks in the walls. He lay for a moment looking at the cracks of light in the smoke-stained walls, then he laughed. It was funny now. He remembered Missy waiting in the buggy and her sudden decision to flee with the hunted. And her talk! She's a baby, he thought. Not more than eighteen. But she's sweet. She's sure sweet. And funny! He laughed again.

Missy heard the laughter. Her bedroom overlooked the smokehouse, and when she heard it she got out of bed and crept to the window, standing back from it so that she could not be seen. She saw Eb come out into the dawn light. He was quite tall. As he stood under a sycamore tree his head was nearly on a level with the ridgepole of the smokehouse.

What sort of man was he? A card sharp? A petty trickster? She smiled, remembering his face when he had found her in his buggy.

Eb turned away, and Missy hurried to the mirror and began the task of heaping her hair high above her forehead. If she dared, she'd cut it off short as a boy's. When she was dressed she went again to the window. Eb was standing on a knoll, shading his eyes with his hat as he gazed eastward. She saw him lift his palm and hold up one finger, as if sighting.

Missy went to the porch and stood by the railing of cedar logs. He approached her, smiling. His hair was wet, and drops of moisture shone on the bristles of his chin.

"I had a wash at the spring," he said.

"I thought you'd be gone by now."

"I'll be starting pretty soon." He

"It's what *you've* got he's interested in, pop," Missy said, and walked out.

PYRO

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

A chance discovery at the Watson farm sends Eb back to town to stake his future on a hunch. But jealous gossip gives him trouble

dried the back of his neck with a silk handkerchief. "Say, it's funny about that spring. It's kind of oily. I had to skim off a film of oil before I could draw a clean bucket."

"It's always been that way. As long as you're still here, I'll ask Nicey to fix you some breakfast."

"Thank you," Eb said, half listening. "This is a fine place you got here. How much land do you own?"

"Half a section."

"Running east?"

"No, running west. Part of it is the homestead Pop staked when he came down in the Run."

"I reckon that was before you was born," Eb said.

"No, I was three years old." She saw him making calculations and smiled. "Yes, I'm twenty. I remember the Run well. I remember riding down in the buggy and I remember the tent Pop had for a bank." She turned away. "I'll see about breakfast."

In the kitchen Nicey was kneading dough for biscuits. When Missy entered she straightened, fearsome to see with her frown and the assertive set of her fat shoulders.

"Missy, who dat?"

"Just a friend, Nicey."

"Fren? I nebber see him befo' an' I knows yo' frens. What yo' pappy say, Missy? What Mistah Nebbil say?"

"It's none of Mr. Neville's concern, Nicey."

"Mist' Watson know he slep' out heah las' night?"

"Now you don't think Pop would object to a friend sleeping in the smokehouse, do you?" Missy said. "The gentleman is on his way west, and the least I could do was let him sleep in the *smokehouse*. I told you pop introduced him to me. He's an oil man."

"I reckon he oily, awright." Nicey turned to the stove. "You bring him in 'n' set him at de table so I take a good look at him. But let me tell you dis. You got no business to brang him out heah, 'n' I gwan tell yo' pappy. You actin' altogedder too independen', Missy."

MISSY smiled and went back to the porch. Eb had hitched his mare to the buggy and was staring eastward toward a long undulation of land that hid the town from view.

"Say, Miss Watson, who owns the land east of here?"

"Well, right next to us, a farmer named Elkins. He has about eighty acres."

"How about along that rise of land?"

"Lots of people. The nearest is Tom Pitt. Why? Thinking of buying a farm and settling down?"

"I might."

Missy laughed. "Not in *this* town."

Eb turned slowly and looked at her. There was resentment in his dark eyes. She said quickly, "So your conscience *is* hurting you?"

"I've got nothing on my conscience." He scowled. "That kind of thing happens all the time. It ain't illegal. I never did a thing illegal in my life. Nobody gets ahead of me, but if they do, all right. I'll get ahead of the next one."

"You were just two jumps ahead of a rail last night," Missy said brusquely. She looked closely at him, trying to fathom this man. There remained a hurt look in his eyes and the thought came to her that he had never grown up, that he still had a small boy's morals.

"How old are you?" she asked suddenly.

"Twenty-four."

"And how long have you been doing this"—she waved one hand vaguely—"this Professor Pyro sort of thing?"

"Oh, just this summer. I bought the set-up off a fellow in Sapulpa for fifty dollars."

"I suppose he worked it the same way?"

"Now see here," Eb said, his face dark. "I told you my shipment of fireworks didn't come through. I can put on a good show when I have the stuff."

"Oh, yes," Missy said. "I forgot that part of it."

"Whatever I say you wouldn't believe."

Missy hesitated, looking at his set jaw and firm mouth, then said, "What do you say we go in to breakfast?"

Eb picked up his black hat. "Thank you just the same, Miss Watson, but I've got to be on my way," he said. "I'm going back to town."

"You mean you're going back to Othello?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that a little quixotic, after all the trouble I went to getting you *out* of town?" She followed him quickly down the steps, and reached the buggy just as he took up the reins. "So it is your conscience," she said triumphantly.

"You can call it what you like," Eb said. His smile returned, very faint. "I thank you for your hospitality, Miss Watson. You helped me out."

Missy watched the buggy out of sight, her lips curving in a warm proud smile. She was thoughtful as she went into the house. She had pricked his conscience, but was that enough? She paused before a mirror in the living room and her smile widened. She grinned like a boy.

"Nicey, hurry with breakfast," she called. "We're going to town."

EB PETERS lifted his eyes again and again to the undulation of land just west of Othello as he drove away from the log house. The elevation was not marked enough to call a ridge. It was only a slight roll of land, but Eb's eyes had a shining intensity as he gazed at it. He was an oil man. He had worked in half a dozen fields, and he had picked up a smattering of geology. Now he had found what he was looking for and he could almost smell the sour cutting odor of crude.

As he drove the sorrel along the bending road that flanked the ball park there was no other vehicle in sight, and on sudden impulse he pulled the mare off the road and stopped at the entrance to the park.

He went through the gate toward the grandstand. At his feet was a ticket stub. He bent to pick it up, then walked on, scanning the grass. In front of the stands he found a dozen stubs and put them in his hat. Under the stands, he collected stubs that had fallen from above.

In half an hour his black hat was filled with nearly a hundred stubs. He made a pile of them near the gate and set a match to the pile. As thin smoke curled up he heard the quick *clop-clop* of a trotting horse, and looked toward the road. A buggy went past, with the top down, and he had a glimpse of Missy at the reins and fat Nicey seated beside her. The girl looked back and waved.

Eb stamped out the fire. Back in his buggy he pulled his hat low over his eyes, sat far back under the shade of the top, and sent the sorrel up the grade toward town.

EB swung the rig in a sharp turn and stopped before the bank. He jumped out of the buggy, and as he reached the sidewalk some one shouted. "Hey!"

Eb ran under the sandstone arch, into the bank. Albert Neville gave him a startled look, but Eb did not pause. He went to the door marked "Private," and pushed it open.

J. G. Watson swung his chair around, and in a quick glance Eb saw Missy sitting near the window. He did not like the smile on her lips.

"What are you doing here?" J. G. burst out. "Man, you've either got a lot of nerve or no sense at all!"

Eb talked fast. "I came back to refund the money, Mr. Watson. I want to do it through you, if you're willing."

"So you've reformed?" The banker laughed.

"It ain't that," Ed said. "You see, I was counting on a shipment of fireworks, but it didn't come through, so I had to make out the best I could. I saw people wasn't satisfied, so I came back to pay off."

"Wasn't satisfied!" J. G. said. "Young man, don't you know the tarpot is still at the boil? Yes, sir, and there's not a feather bed left intact in town."

"Mistakes will happen," Eb said. "Here's your dollar back, Mr. Watson."

"Oh, I had a dollar's worth of fun out of it. Keep the money." He turned his head. "Come in."

Albert Neville's blond head appeared at the doorway. He looked curiously at Eb and said, "There's quite a crowd out there, J. G., looking for this fellow."

"How about it?" Eb said. "I'll give you the money, Mr. Watson. Will you pay off?"

J. G. Watson smiled. "Albert, I'll talk to those men. The professor is going to refund their money."

(*Continued on page 60*)

PIN-UP MAMA

Meet the girl who is number one in the hearts of the armed forces and number one at movie box offices to boot—Betty Grable, as American as a banana split and as bright as neon lights

BY TED SHANE

WHEN our first Marines on Guadalcanal got things temporarily in hand, some home-minded gent did two things: (1) He tacked a sign to a coconut tree which read: "WPA Project No. 876¾." (2) Under it he pinned up a picture of Betty Grable.

It was a picture not entirely unfamiliar to the armed forces. Hundreds of thousands of copies of it have found their way to the farthest and damnedest places: serving to warm our chilled lads in Greenland or further heating a hut in remote Dang Dong. It shows the tasty Miss Grable rather poorly concealed in a bathing suit evidently several sizes too small for her, and kept warm by a pair of shoes and a bracelet. As her various selling points light up the landscape, she is casting a most vivacious come-hither smile over her right shoulder.

My statistician informs me it is the most pinned-up picture in the world. Betty's postman groans under two to three thousand letters a week—80 per cent of them from the armed forces, including our allies, and most of them requesting this very same artistic study.

Let's adjust our specs and look more closely at this luscious phenomenon who is not only number one in the dreams of our armed forces but also number one box-office lure of the present moment.*

What is it the boys see in the Grable figure? Starting from the bottom up, Grable stacks up like this:

Shoe	5-C
Hips	34½ inches
Waist	24 "
Bust	33½ "
Glove	6¼
Head	22
Eyes	Definitely blue
Hair	Well—blonde

Five feet three and a half inches high and 110 pounds of dynamic flesh in weight, other Grable characteristics include a peaches-and-cream complexion and a pair of legs which even women like to look at. "It's not that Betty Grable has anything other women haven't," Bob Hope has said; "she just groups it better!"

But flesh is not all. Hayworth, Lamarr, Lamour, and Turner have their points and their fan mail. But it is Grable who is the G. I.'s sweetheart, the dogface's ideal. Grable is a World War II product. Like sulfa, plasma, and plastic bugles, she was born of Pearl Harbor. Before that she was little known.

She's not only streamlined and solid and functional-looking, but she's slangy and hep. She's Miss Waterloo, Iowa; she's the girl next door, as American as the funnies, the banana split, and as bright as neon lights.

A soldier writes to her as he might to his girl back home, associating himself with the role of her protector and escort. She's the workaday girl glorified and glamorized, easy to talk to, within his grasp, the girl he necked and took to the movies. Ninety-nine per cent of the Grable service mail comes from the Army proletariat—the G. I.s.

She does hear from officers, too. Every day chaplains, who handle such matters, write from the field asking for her picture for the rest huts and tents. ("And be sure it's the one with the ahems showing," wrote one gentleman.) The captain of an aircraft carrier about to be commissioned to replace one that had been sunk wrote: "We want the new ship to be twice as good as the old one. So please send 200 of your 11×14 photographs in color to decorate our wardrooms. The old ship had 100."

Incidentally, only a snapshot of Betty is sent free. Something larger, at which a guy doesn't have to peer closely—say 5×7, costs a dime; while an 8×10 will set you back two bits. There's a paper shortage and the (*Continued on page 57*)

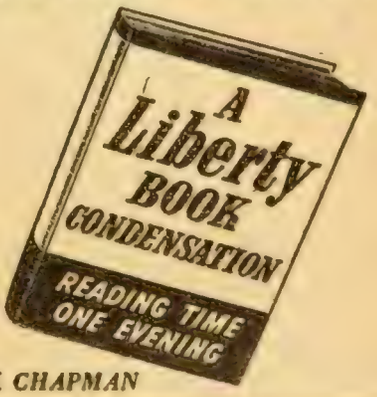
Most pinned-up picture in the world Betty Grable in work-clothes.

*Present box-office standing from motion-picture exhibitors' poll: 1. Grable. 2. Hope. 3. Abbott and Costello. 4. Crosby. 5. Cooper. 6. Garson. 7. Bogart. 8. Cagney. 9. Rooney. 10. Gable. Note that a fully clothed female fails to appear till the No. 6 position.

The LORD IS A MAN OF WAR

A condensation of the novel by

STANLEY F. DONATH



THIS is not a "war story." It is the story of a wild, romantic adventure that came out of the war.

It is the story of Jan Dvorin, who left love and the safety of America to set out on a solitary mission of vengeance — of a strange odyssey and a stranger romance as he stalked his man through the jungles of underground Europe.

It combines love, excitement, and adventure as few novels of this war have done.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

IN September they transferred me to Heinecken's. The official name of the stand was Aerial Joyride, but we called it only Heinecken's, because you could not see a thing of the Joyride except little flickers of light on the asphalt before the stand as the shadows of the model planes passed by the floodlights. There was always a big splash of laughter and shrieks in the wake of the planes, and the girls were flushed and excited and swayed a little when they came down the steps from the platform.

There was the rumbling of buses behind the Barbary Coast and the Great White Way was dotted with people. The mechanical organs belched music and the barkers stepped out on their platforms, smiling and graceful, balancing their little canes like dancers or fencers.

There were people pouring in over the bridges and ramps, the dull thud of a hundred thousand feet on wood and asphalt. And one day I saw a fellow come up from the Great White Way. He was thin and long and dark and he wore a sloppy black suit and glasses. When he came nearer I saw that it was Helmut Leipen.

"Hello," he said. "I have run around for two hours to find this idiotic filthy stand."

"Did you come to see the Fair?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I have come to see you, you idiot. Have you gone stark raving mad? I hear that you are living on dry bread and water and sleeping on a wooden bench in a broom closet."

"It's a field bed and not a bench," I told him. "And it is a storeroom, not a broom closet. And I hate meddlers who poke their noses into other people's business."

"You can go to hell, for all I care," he said. "I may be a bum physician, but I can tell you that you'll come out on the short end of it. You'll break like a teacup under a milk wagon."

"So what?" I said.

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"Nothing," he said. "It's just one form of suicide, and there are easier ones. I don't know whether the Catholic Church has changed its opinion on that point, but when last heard of they still didn't like it, as far as I know. A fine priest you are!"

"I am not a priest," I said. "I never was ordained, and you know it. And I am not starving to death. I am living cheaply, that's all. There's nothing wrong with that."

Helmut's eyes behind the thick lenses of his glasses were long and black and fantastically magnified. "See here," he said. "I suppose you have some reason for acting that way."

"Yes," I said. "I need money. I need five hundred, to be exact." Suddenly something inside me gave way; something like a spring that had been wound too tight. "It's about *pan otez*," I said, giving my father his full title, as good boys and girls in Moravia do. "He's still in Pradetz. And I am in the United States. That's what it is all about."

"I understand," he said.

"No you don't. None of you city fellows could under-

stand a man like him. When you came over to Pradetz, it was a holiday and you were an honored guest, and *pan otez* wore his black frock coat most of the time and felt flattered that a doctor lived under his roof. But after you left he went back to his little cobbler shop and put new soles and heels on peasant boots. He didn't want me to do any work in the shop, but he worked to save money to send me to Vienna. He had it all figured out. I would go to the Schotten Gymnasium, and then to the seminary, and then to the university, and then I would be ordained. Did you laugh just now?"

"I did not," Helmut said. "I never in my life felt less like laughing."

I was glad that he had not laughed and that he let me talk. "You city people don't know how a peasant is. A peasant is hard like a hickory root, and sentimental like a love song, and vain like a young woman. They have learned to keep their mouths shut. But in every village there is a man or two men, and they talk to those men, and the men talk to the judge and to the tax collector and to the assemblyman. They made *pan otez* the magistrate of the village of Pradetz when I was seven. He was a spokesman, you see."

"The S.S. don't like spokesmen," Helmut said.

"No," I said, "they don't. They certainly don't. And that's another point. *Pan otez* used to argue for what he thought was right. But you cannot argue with the S.S., can you?"

"I don't know," Helmut said. "No one has come back to tell whether you can."

"They're a funny kind of outfit," I said. "I knew a fellow in Vienna. Hans Fliegl, his name was. They did not like him in school, and I believe I was the only one who talked to him; I felt sorry for him, in a way. When I was in the seminary I met him again. He was blown up like a turkey and full of liquor and braggadocio. When we got to talking he told me that he had joined the party and was in the S.S. He told me a lot about them, for he wanted to get me as a recruit. They are not soldiers; they are gunmen. You cannot argue with gunmen, can you?"

"It's hard without a gun," Helmut said.

"There you are," I said helplessly. "There is nobody to tell that to *pan otez*. And when something happens in the village the peasants will come to him, and he'll put on his frock coat and go to the Orts-Kommandantur. And the S.S. fellow in charge will put a little pencil cross against his name."

HELMUT stared straight ahead, and after a few minutes he said: "I am glad that my old man is dead. It's hard on the old people. It's hard on us too, but much harder on the old people. You should try to get *pan otez* over here."

I looked at him for a moment, and suddenly I burst out laughing. "That's funny!" I said. "I've worked for eleven months now, as a helper on a liquor truck, as a watchman in a factory yard, and here in the Fair I've worked as a counterman every night to two o'clock in the morning. I have slept in flophouses and on the benches of Bronx Park, and I have saved up copper by copper, and now you tell me I should get *pan otez* over here.

"First I thought I'd have to put up about two hundred to pay for the voyage to Lisbon and the passage. And, of course, a few legal fees. But last week, when I had saved up a little over two hundred, I was told the quota numbers for Czech immigrants had run out, and the only way would be to get the immigrant to Cuba first. The Cuban government asked a deposit of five hundred a head before they gave any visa."

"That's bad," Helmut said tensely.

"Yes," I said. "It's bad. It's quite bad." The wind from the lake came in cold little gusts. Helmut coughed in his handkerchief, and I did not like the sound of his cough. When he had recovered he said: "I think I can arrange this business for you. A prisoner in Oranienburg is going to pay your father's passage. Fellow's dead by now, I suppose. He won't mind."

"Is that so?" I said.

"Listen," he said. "When I was in Oranienburg I was in Barrack 21, near the barbed wire—small and dark and cold; a little hell inside the big hell. Cohen, the fellow in the bunk above me, was a violinist. We got quite friendly, and when I was released he told me to get his violin and take it to America. He wanted to have it in a safe place. It's a good violin, an old Cremona and probably from Amati's workshop. I think I'd easily get five hundred for it."

"Five hundred," I said. My mouth was a little dry. "But you can't sell a thing that doesn't belong to you. You can't do that."

"You don't have to worry," he said. "When I left, Cohen was put down for the special treatment. There are very few who are alive when they are through with the special treatment. I don't think he'll ever need his violin again."

Helmut began to cough. When he put back his handkerchief, I said savagely: "You better use the dough for yourself. You are coughing up blood, you fool."

"I'm sick of your arguing. I'm going home. But you'll hear from me," he muttered, and walked away. His back was steep and narrow and black, and it shook with coughing.

I began to clean up the stand. I did it thoroughly. I had a lot of thinking to do, and I always was better at it when I worked hard.

A girl stopped and ordered a lemonade. She wore a plain gabardine coat and a little sports hat, with smooth blonde hair underneath the hat. She had a small blunt face and dark blue eyes. She was not very pretty.

"I've lost my way," she said. "I wanted to stay in the exhibit district, but I went over the wrong bridge."

I liked her voice. I said: "You take the East Loop and then you pass underneath a road bridge. Only you had better hurry, because they close up soon."

She put her cup on the counter and went away. After

a few steps she came back and said: "You're not American, are you?"

"I am from Moravia. I am Czech."

"I like the way you talk," she said.

I liked the way she looked. I slipped off my white jacket and apron. "It's my dinner time," I said. "Want to take a walk?"

"I'd like a walk," the girl said.

Behind the East Loop was a little creek with a narrow strip of lawn and two or three benches. There were no amusements over there, only a few shacks with tools and appliances and the first-aid station.

I led her to one of the benches and we sat down. There was another couple sitting on the next bench—a sailor and a girl in a yellow blouse. As they stood up and went away, it almost looked as if they were one—some curious animal with four legs and two heads. I had to laugh.

The girl smiled. "You looked so funny when you laughed," she said. "Most people look foolish. It somehow gives them away. They look foolish and common and malicious. But you only looked funny and sort of amused." The lawn at our feet was dark and damp, and the noises from the Fair rolled on like a shallow stream that carries orange peels and cigarette butts. The girl said, "You look like a fellow who is alone very much."

"I have been alone very much," I said.

"But you have a girl back in Moravia, haven't you?" she asked.

"No," I said. "But I was in Moravia only in summer. I spent the winters in Vienna. I studied at the university and there we were not supposed to have girls. I was studying to be a priest, you see."

"Oh," she said. "I am a Catholic, too. I don't think you'd have made a good priest. Good priests are gentle and gay and serene. Bad priests are hard and angry and fanatical. They are more like soldiers than priests."

"The church needs angry servants too," I said. "The Lord is a man of war."

"I should be sorry for the people of your parish," she said. "And more so for the girls than for the others."

"Lay off me, please," I said. "Tell me about yourself."

"There's not much to tell," she said. "I'm just a girl."

"I noticed that," I said.

"Well," she said, "my father has a broker's office in New York. He isn't home very much. We are living in a little country house on Long Island Sound, but my father has a small apartment on Park Avenue. My mother died in '34, and since then I've run the household. That's all," she said; and after a little silence she added: "I'm dull, aren't I?"

"No," I said. "You aren't dull. I think you're all right."

When my time was up I went with her to the subway ramp and she said her name was Kathrin O'Brien. I said my name was Jan Nepomuk Dvorin. It probably was a funny name in this country, I said, although it was quite a good name over in Bohemia. She said that I was talking nonsense and that she rather liked the name. And she was glad that I was also dull. We were two good dull people. And good night.

THE next two days I was moody and blue. There was that business of Leipen's fiddle, and then that blood-stained handkerchief of his. I waited for some news from him without admitting it to myself, and I waited for the money.

I thought about the girl, too, and remembered her little blunt face with her expression between laughing and anger, and two very bright dark-blue eyes under the brim of a little sports hat. And I thought how comforting it would be to tell her about all the things that were troubling me. But it was silly thinking that, I told myself—a girl I had seen once, a girl I would probably never see again.

It was funny, though, that I did not feel any surprise when she turned up at my stand a few evenings later. Suddenly I knew that I had waited for her all the time. She was wearing a long tight black velvet gown and on top she wore a funny little fur jacket, and her shoulders and arms were naked underneath the jacket. Her hair was combed in silly little curls over her forehead, and there was the blue flash of cut stone all over.

"Don't look at me as if you'd like to kill me," she said. "I have only ten minutes tonight. We can walk to the Corona exit. I have the car waiting out there."

We walked along the Aquacade and over the bridge. I said sullenly: "What is it all about—evening gown and car and all? You don't have to tell me if you don't want to, of course."

"I don't," she said. "Suppose I'm a dancing girl, and I was out of a job for six weeks, and now I've found a job. Anything wrong about that?"

"No," I said. "Only it's a lie."

"Yes," she said, "it is. I wanted to look pretty and strange and exciting for you, and I borrowed an evening gown from the girl next door, and I pretended that I had a date waiting for me outside."

"Good luck to you," I said.

"Why do you have to talk to me like that?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. "You look funny and you talk funny, and I don't know what it's all about."

"It's just a party," she said wearily. "Some stupid idiotic hateful dinner party. My father said I had to go, and I cried, and then I dressed and came here. I felt that I had to see you, if it was only for ten minutes. And you won't be mean to me, will you?"

"No," I said, "I won't."

I SAW the big limousine waiting there with a chauffeur sitting at the wheel. I remembered *pan otez* and Leipen and the violin and how I had been thinking it would help to talk to Kathrin about them. Rotten fool that I was. Five hundred! Just the stones that she wore were worth ten times that much. Maybe she would listen and smile, and then she would offer me the money, to be paid back in weekly installments. Little girl from Park Avenue. Little golden girl. The little girl grown tired of her dolls; she wanted something new to play with, and I had been handy one night. Now she was going somewhere to dance, and she was laden with cut stones that would have paid the passages of a dozen people from Pradetz.

I looked at her. "You're very rich, aren't you?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "we are very rich. We always were. We are stuffed with money. We are filthy rich."

"All right," I said. "I am a cobbler's son, and I am a cracked-up priest, and I am an alien and a pauper."

"I don't care!" she said fiercely. "I don't want to be rich. I hate the money. I say, to hell with the money!"

"It's no use," I said, and I felt very tired. "It's late, and it's cold, and that little jacket of yours is not much good. You had better run along to that car of yours and your party."

But it didn't end like that. The next day she came again, and then it was different. It was sweet and quiet and lovely. And it didn't make any difference any more that she was rich and I had nothing. We watched the fireworks, and I kissed her in the dark intervals between the rockets, and when they were over I took her to the I. R. T. subway and went back to the stand.

Helmut Leipen was waiting for me when I got home that night. He pulled a wallet from his back pocket and opened it and counted ten fifty-dollar bills out onto the table. "*Voilà*," he said dramatically.

"Thanks," I said. I wanted to add something, but I didn't know exactly where to start.

"I went to my friend Lipinski," Helmut said.

"Lipinski buys everything and Lipinski sells everything."

He grinned and added: "I made two hundred profit on it, and Lipinski made seventy-five. He's an honest crook."

"It's very decent of you, old man," I said. "The whole thing is. I don't know when I can pay you back. It might take a year or so."

"You're a very silly little priest," he said.

I laughed shakily. "They'll send a cable, and he'll be in Lisbon in three weeks, and in Cuba in no time. I'm a lucky dog. I have a good friend and I have a good girl and a good father. I'm *frère-et-cochon* with the luck."

"All fools are," he said.

Suddenly I saw the letter. It was lying on the narrow cot which was the only place to put anything on in the room. The letter was postmarked Vienna, and it had followed me around through all the rooming places and flop-

houses. There was no sender's address on the back, and it seemed to have slipped through the mail without being opened by the censor. I slit the envelope. The sheet inside was coarse and cheap and the letter was signed "Prokop." Prokop Kramarik was some in-law on my father's side and when I was a student in Vienna I used to visit him in his inn down in the suburb of Favoriten. Suddenly I had a watery feeling in my knees and I sat down and handed the letter to Helmut.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Bad news?"

"I don't know," I said thickly. "I can't make out what he means. Will you read it to me, please?"

Helmut began to read. The letter, in Czech, read:

"Dear Janek: This is the second letter I have written to you. Because it is possible that you did not get my first letter, and perhaps will not get this letter either, because of the war.

"I came back to Vienna yesterday after performing the duty. I ordered a beautiful funeral for him. You need not worry about paying me back. It was an honor and a distinction for me, because I respected the deceased very much. He was a good man.

"It was very hard to get the body from the officer of the black police. So I gave him five hundred koruny, and he gave the permit.

"I have also ordered a stone cross for the deceased, but I shall not get a permit to put the name on it—only the initials J. D.

"Your kinsman, PROKOP.

"P.S. The officer who ordered the execution is from Vienna. Perhaps you will meet him some day later in life. His name is—"

"Hans Fliegl," I said.

"Yes," Helmut said. "'His name is Hans Fliegl.'"

"You can take your five hundred back now," I said after a while. "I won't need it. I lied to myself and pretended and made plans, and I knew all along that it was too late and that I shouldn't need it."

"You probably knew it at times," he said.

"The name is Hans Fliegl," I said. "I'll settle accounts with him when the war is over. I'll chase him from rat hole to rat hole, and in the end I'll get him!"

"Maybe you will," Helmut said. "Maybe you won't. There will be a thousand waiting for every one of them."

"I know what you think," I said. "You think curses don't hurt anybody. Curses are comforting and they're cheap. You're right, at that. It's all baloney. There's life going on. I'll marry and I'll have kids, and I'll be fat and contented and comfortable. Perhaps I'll even have enough money to make a trip to Europe. We'll travel to Pradetz and kneel before a cross and we'll put flowers on the grave and say a silent prayer. Then we'll have dinner in the inn, and we'll go to bed early to catch the train to Vienna in the morning."

"You've got a little fever," Helmut said. "You'd better take a bromide and go to bed."

"No," I said. "You believe I'm only talking and that will be the end of it. But there is one hitch, you see. I won't wait till after the war, and I won't marry until I come back—if I come back. Because business comes first, and this is my business."

"LOOK here," Helmut said, and his voice was gentle. "I know how you're feeling. You're feeling like a man who has been clubbed, and he's crazy with pain, and he's groping for something to hit back with. I felt the same way when they beat me up in Oranienburg. I swore I'd come back, if I came out alive, and I'd make them pay with interest and compound interest. It's what they call prison psychosis. There's no prisoner who doesn't swear that he'll come back. They never come back, though."

"They don't come back because they're yellow," I said. "Look at yourself, Doctor Leipen. They have beaten you up, and they have stamped on you, and then they have kicked you out with a dainty little case of t.b. But you'll sit in your little East Side office and wait for patients, and one day they'll take you to the hospital and you'll die. Meanwhile the S.S. will go on with their kind of entertainment over there. But you'll never go back. You'd better go home. Don't forget the five hundred."

"I don't want the five hundred," he said, and suddenly he drew himself up and sort of stood at attention and said: "Here's your first recruit, chief. You want to go back to Europe and kill a man, don't you?"

"Yes," I said. "That's about it."

"You won't last two weeks," he said. "You'll run headfirst into a brick wall and smash your skull, to nobody's good. You need fellows to get the dope, and to cover up, and to rig the getaway. You need a doctor in case somebody gets hurt. You need a plan and some kind of organization."

"Maybe I do," I said wearily. "I haven't thought of all those things yet. I just thought I'd get over somehow and shoot the fellow and get shot afterwards. I haven't thought much farther than that."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "First of all, you'll sleep; that's what you need most. Tomorrow we'll figure out whether we can do it or we can't, and then we'll get going. That all right with you?"

"O. K.," I said. After a little silence I added: "Mind taking a letter down to the mailbox?"

"No," he said. "Is it to the girl?"

"Yes," I said; "it's to the girl."

WHEN he had gone, I fell upon my bed. The little noises from the street seeped through the walls—the ring of steps and the motors of trucks and presently the *clop-clop* of a horse. They were all going somewhere, for pleasure or for business. I too had a business. My business was to kill.

The noises from the street blurred and blended into a dim rumble, and at last I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a knock on the door. I shouted, "Hello," and Helmut came in.

"I kept going till two o'clock in the morning. In the end I got a recruit, though—my friend Lipinski. We'll meet tonight in his office. A small army is often a better army."

"You're an idiot," I said. But I went with him to meet his friend the pawnbroker.

As soon as I saw him I sensed he had changed his mind. He had been chased by the Nazis from one country to another and he had reason to hate them. But hatred has a way of cooling down when a man is safe and his room is warm and his stomach full.

Helmut must have sensed something, too. "Well, what do you say?" he asked morosely.

"I say it is *meshugge*," Lipinski said. "It's beautiful, but it's like a picture in a movie theater where the *ganef* is caught and punished in the end because his gun is out of repair and he never hit anything except the flowerpot.

"It was interesting to think about it, though. It's about as near as I will ever come to killing a Nazi. I won't go with you, of course. I'd look funny as sort of a hero, wouldn't I?"

We didn't say anything, and Lipinski cleared his throat. "The long and the short of it is that I won't take a big trip only to be cut to straps at the end of it," he said. "But I'll give you some money. I'll give you up to seven hundred. It is a bad risk, because you won't come back to pay me. But if you have money maybe it will keep you from being killed on some frontier."

"It will come in handy," Helmut said. "Go ahead."

"You'll have to figure a way of getting across," Lipinski said. "You'll have to stow away on some good little ship and try to make shore before the customs inspectors go aboard. You have to know some seaman in the crew, of course, and I know plenty. I lend them money when they're broke. There's a young fellow from Tampa. I gave him some money on a little ring, and he wants it back badly. I'll give him the ring and he'll get you on to his ship. It's the Peggy Blair. She goes down to Uruguay with a cargo of iron bars and newsprint in a week or so. I'd think it over, though. But I'll help you if you want to go. It's your own skin."

It was pouring when we went outside. But by the time I had left the subway and walked over to my place the rain was only a drizzle.

There was a girl slowly walking up and down on the sidewalk before the house. The girl was Kathrin. She looked wet and tired and her little hat was out of shape.

"Hello, Jan," she said. "I had to see you. Some one at the stand gave me your address."

"You shouldn't have waited in the rain. How long have you been here?"

"A couple of hours," she said. The smile had gone out of her face and her voice was flat and small.

I said, "It was nice of you to come over, Katinka. I wish you had not, though. You'll try to hold me back. Why don't you be a good girl and just forget about it?"

"I am not the kind that forgets," she said, "and I haven't come to hold you back."

"That's good," I said. "It wouldn't be any use, you see. I'm sorry, Kathrin. I'd probably ask you to wait if it weren't such a hell of a dirty job. It wouldn't be fair to make you wait."

"I'll wait," she said. "You know that, don't you?"

Her eyes filled with tears, but she fought them back. She was very brave, Kathrin was. She was sweet and lovely and brave, and I hated myself for doing what I did. I said: "The trouble is you are much too good for a bum like me, Katinka. I wish you had never met me."

"Let's go," she said, and dabbed her eyes. "I'm sorry I'm behaving like this." She shivered a little, and I put my arm around her shoulder, and then I kissed her. She lay in my arm, slight and warm and fragile like something precious. She said softly: "I'll come up to your place tonight if you want me to, Jan."

"I'd rather not," I muttered, and kissed her again. "It's hard enough as it is."

"I knew you wouldn't," she said. "There's something else I want to ask you. You won't get mad, will you? Promise me not to get mad. It's about money. Oh, Jan, please don't look like that!"

"I don't need any money," I said. "Leipen and I have almost one thousand between us, and seven hundred is still coming. That's plenty, isn't it?"

"I don't know," she said. "But you'll write me if you need money, won't you?"

"All right," I said. "I'll write you."

"You are angry," she said. "Everything I do is wrong. I wanted to be helpful, and I've only ruined our last minutes together."

"You have not," I said. I felt rotten. I took her to the elevated, and the platform was cold and wind-swept. The train came to a halt, and I kissed her quickly and held the door open for her. She stood inside and looked at me and said, "Don't go away—" And then I let go of the door and it snapped shut. The train pulled out, and I went downstairs into the street.

THERE was a narrow passageway between the shacks. Helmut and I stood in its shadow while the trucks passed by. Up the street a Coast Guard man was speaking to a policeman. Helmut's mouth was near my ear. He said hoarsely: "We can't wait any longer. Eddie will think we've backed out."

"I know," I muttered. "Let's make a dash for it."

We waited until the two men had their backs to us, and then we ran. Eddie's voice came from somewhere I had not expected it. We went toward it, and then we were swallowed up by the dark in the belly of the ship. Only then did Eddie turn on his flashlight, and the hold looked huge. It was quite warm and it smelled of pulp and lubricating oil.

On the fourth day Eddie took us up on deck. I felt the drone of the air in my lungs and I felt groggy and happy as the three of us marched over to the bridge. Eddie stopped at the foot of the wooden ladder, and the pink of his face slowly turned to a light green as the captain glared down on us.

"Two stowaways, sir," Eddie said. "Found them in Number 4 hold, sir."

The captain looked gray and shabby and unshaved. He said: "Come over here, you rats. What parts are you from?"

"We are Austrians," I said. "We're from Vienna. We're refugees, and our papers were not in order, and they wanted to hold us for deportation. We thought it might be easier down South."

"Damn you," the captain said, "I'll make you work as you never worked in all your blessed days!" He paused a little, and then he asked: "What's your names and professions, anyhow?"

"My name is Levy," I said. "I'm a bookkeeper. My partner is a doctor, and his name is Tartakover."

"A doctor," the captain said contemptuously. "He's a shyster doctor, if you ask me. Give them a brush and a pail of water and take them to the foredeck."

"Aye, aye, sir," Eddie said, and marched us off.

They called Leipen a few times to look after little bruises and cuts, and in the evening of the ninth day the first mate took us to the captain's cabin. The captain was lying on his bed. His face was gray under the gray of his stubble. He asked, "Which one of you is that doctor?"

"I am," Helmut answered.

"You're probably a patent-medicine drummer," the captain said. "Where's your diploma?"

"I don't have it here," Helmut said. "It is with my other papers in New York. What's wrong with you?"

The captain did not answer. The first mate said: "The

skipper is sick, mister. His belly is as hard as a board. You better have a look at him, mister."

Helmut stepped up to the bed and pulled away the blanket and the pajama jacket. Suddenly he bore down hard and asked: "Does that hurt?"

"It hurts like hell," the captain said.

"I believe it's an ileus," Helmut said. "In fact, I'm almost sure it is."

The old man on the bed started up and choked. His breath came in small, shallow gasps, and it rattled a little. Helmut bent down and pressed his ear to the old man's chest. He said in a clear, high, ringing voice: "I'm going to operate at once. It's one chance in a hundred, but it's the only chance we have."

The captain tried to prop himself up on his elbow.

"Get out of here!" he roared. "I won't let a bum operate on me. You're a shyster, that's what you are. You won't touch me without showing me that diploma. Get out of here!" he said, and it sounded like a cry.

The corners of Helmut's mouth drooped in a queer smile. He unfastened the waistband of his pants and took out a flat canvas bag. He unfolded a parchmentlike paper and said: "You win, captain. This is my diploma, and the name on it is Leipen. It isn't Tartakover, and his isn't Levy. The only true thing is that I am a doctor and that you are a very sick man."

"Have a look at it, Karlsson," the captain said. "Is there a seal on it?"

"Yes," the mate said, "there's a seal and a couple of stamps. The seal is red, and it hangs on a string."

"All hands take orders from the doctor, Karlsson," the captain said, and fainted.

"Stop the engines at once," Helmut said. And the rest was a chaotic nightmare of noises and lights and faces and hands and screams, and in between the steady, level voice of Helmut and the groaning of the sick man.

The captain was still unconscious after two days, but he was alive. At the end of a week he sent for us.

"What do you want in Uruguay?" he asked. "Maybe I can give you a hand. I got connections down in Monte."

Helmut looked at me, and I said: "We're looking for a ship to take us over to Lisbon or Santander. It's hard to cross over these days."

"You said it," the captain said. "All I can give you is an address, but it's a good address. Name is Johan Badine. He's a friend of mine. Just tell him that Cap Elisha sent you. He'll get you a berth, maybe."

I wrote down the address, and Helmut said blandly: "You're developing, captain. In fact, you're more useful than I thought you'd be."

"Don't be snotty," the captain said. "Put down another address: Bethpage in Nassau County, Long Island. It's the place where I live. There'll always be a bunk ready for you, and a place at the table and a dollar or two. We could do with a good doctor in Bethpage, besides. Maybe you'll think about it when you come back."

"Yes," Helmut said, "I'll think about it when I come back, captain."

We left the knapsacks on the ship when we took to the dinghy, and Eddie and two other men rowed us to a little private pier outside the harbor. Then we went into the town and tramped the streets for an hour, and then we went to the public park and sat down on a bench. A girl came out and sat down beside us. She was dark, with high cheekbones and very bright eyes, and she had a lot of make-up on her face. After a few minutes she ran her eyes over us and asked, *"Americanos?"*

"Yes," I said.

"I like the Yankees," she said in very good English. "I spent two years in Los Angeles. I thought I could land something with the movies, but it was no soap. I guess I wasn't good enough."

"It's a question of luck sometimes," Helmut said.

"My luck is mostly the tough kind," she said. "A few days ago the manager of the roadshow I was in vanished into thin air and took the cash with him and left us in the lurch. But I'm not the worrying kind, thank God. I live in a little hotel uptown where they'll give me credit."

"It's our lucky day," Helmut said. "We're looking for a little hotel uptown, you know. I suppose they don't ask a lot of questions, do they?"

"No," she said, and her tone changed almost imperceptibly. "Of course they don't give credit to somebody they don't know."

"We're not that flat," Helmut said, and grinned. "We just get along, and we keep the wolf from the door."

"That's good," she said. "It's a nice little place, and they won't overcharge you when I am with you."

"You are very kind," Helmut said.

THE Hotel Correa was very small. We followed the girl into the hall, and she went to the clerk's desk and talked to him in Spanish. He glanced at us once or twice, and then he gave her two keys, and we went upstairs.

"Everything's under control," Helmut said. "What shall we do now?"

"We'll go downtown and buy a few things," the girl said. "You look like scarecrows, the two of you do."

I wanted to stop it right there, but Helmut looked silly and said, "Oh, yes, shopping," and we took the train over to the Calle Zabala. Helmut bought a white suit and white canvas shoes and a few shirts and ties, and finally he bought a red neckerchief for the girl. She put it on, and it was quite obvious that she was as happy as a queen with the little piece of silk. I had to smile, and in the end I also bought a shirt and tie.

The next day Helmut and Carmen (her name was Carmen Pereira, she had told us) took a bus to Carrasco Beach. I told them that I had a bad toothache and that I'd go and see a *dentista* about it. When they had gone I took a tram downtown.

The shipping office of Johan Badine was in a dingy little lane jammed with iron barrels and bales of wool and flanked by the bleak windowless walls of warehouses and silos. The slovenly old clerk in the office told me that *el capitan* had gone for a little trip and was not expected back for several days. I went back to the hotel on foot just to kill some time.

It was past midnight when Helmut and Carmen came back. I told Helmut where I had been. He said, "Oh, yeah?" and looked blue and miserable.

On Friday, though, he went with me to the *capitan's* office. A square-headed, massive man sat at the desk, writing in a heavy ledger.

"Captain Elisha sent us," I said. "We're friends of his, and he said you could get us a berth maybe."

"Berths are not lying about on the beaches these days," he muttered. "What are you—mates?"

"No," I said, embarrassed. "My friend is a doctor, and I'm not much of anything. I could go as a stoker, maybe. We want to get over to the other side. We have some urgent business over there, and we've got no passports and no visa. Captain Elisha put us on shore. He's a very good friend, you see."

"Then you can't go as passengers, of course," he said. "They wouldn't take you without papers."

"We've got some money," Helmut said.

"It is not a question of money," he said. "You are the friends of a friend, and that is good enough. But they have a lot of new regulations and instructions and red tape now, with the war and everything. You can leave your address if you want to." He pushed a pad across the desk, and I wrote it down.

Carmen was sitting in the sidewalk café when we got back to the hotel. She was talking to a man who she said was a variety agent. Oh, yes, Helmut said, a variety agent. He was half crazy with jealousy. Carmen raised her penciled eyebrows and said of course he was a variety agent. She was looking for a job, wasn't she? There was nothing wrong with that—or was there? They quarreled bitterly. But the next morning, when I was

having breakfast in the café, Helmut came down carrying Carmen's case, and she was behind him. They were going to La Floresta for the week-end, and wouldn't I come with them? they asked. I said, Thank you, I'd like to go, but I had an appointment with the dentist.

I looked after her as she went away, chatting happily to the man at her side. They would have a good time, all right; they would have a grand time. Suddenly I thought of Kathrin, and I wished she were there.

Helmut was alone when he came back on Monday morning. He looked deep-eyed and serene and almost handsome. He said, "I'm sort of stuck on the little girl."

"I noticed something like that," I said. "I noticed something else, too. Do you know that your cough has become much better since you left New York?"

"Have you noticed that?" he said happily. "I'm feeling much better, for a fact. I feel like a new man at times. It must be the change of air." And there was a new spring in his stride as he went across to his room.

He had not mentioned anything about the passage or about the *capitan*. He had forgotten all about it. And that was all right with me. It was my business, after all. It was not his business. His business right now was making love, and he seemed to be good at it.

At eleven o'clock the *capitan* telephoned and said that

we should come to his office at once. I ran over to Helmut's room and told him. He didn't seem very happy about it.

The *capitan* was very cordial when we came in his office.

"Fair weather and roaring trade," he boomed. "Which one of you is that doctor?"

"I am," I said, and Helmut said nothing.

The *capitan* looked sort of surprised, and then he said: "The General Alvear needs a doctor, and they need him pronto. They've got seventy passengers on board, and the port authorities won't clear them without a doctor."

"*Bien,*" I said. "What about papers?"

"I'll swear out an affidavit," he said. "All you need is your diploma. Just don't stick out your neck, and keep your mouth shut, and things will be all right. Maybe we'll have luck placing your friend soon, too."

"Maybe you will," I said solemnly, and still Helmut didn't say a word.

"Well, good luck," the *capitan* boomed. "You'd better be there at midnight. Pier 27." And he shooed us out and closed the door behind us.

"So I am fired, am I?" Helmut said.

"Yes," I said. "You wanted it, didn't you?"

"It's like the rats leaving the ship," he said.

"I always thought the rats were pretty sharp," I said. "Why the hell should they be suckers and go down with the ship? You hated to go away, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I hated to go away."

"But you would have gone just the same?" I asked.

"Yes, I probably would have," he said. He smiled queerly. "Don't be too hard on us. You're tall and you've got broad shoulders, and arms like steel cables. And then, you're handsome. I've never had much fun in my life, with the face I've got to carry on my shoulders. Then Carmen came, and I felt almost happy. Maybe it sounds foolish, but I've been drunk every day since, though I've drunk nothing stronger than orangeade. The whole outside world was sort of unreal."

"It's quite real, though," I said. "The rifle butts are real, and the firing squads are real, and the bodies and the ditches are real. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, I know it," he said. "I am afraid there isn't much I can do about it. I just don't have that kind of courage, and maybe I have no kind of courage at all. I'm not a soldier, you see. I'm a physician." He looked away. "You think I'm a rat, don't you?"

"I do not, you idiot," I said. "It was all my fault from the beginning. What about the money? Most of it is your money, you know."

"We'll share it," he said. "I'll take what we changed into pesos, and you'll take the U. S. dollars."

"No, we won't," I said. "That would mean that I get twelve hundred and you get about two hundred dollars' worth. I won't make that kind of a deal."

"You will," he said. "Otherwise, I'll stand over there on the corner and give away the money like handbills. The police will arrest both of us, and that will be the end."

"All right," I said. "You win. I need your diploma too, by the way. I'll send it back to you."

"I don't care," he said. "I'm a doctor, with the paper or without the paper. I'm only sorry for the patients on that boat. I hope there won't be anything serious."

"I know how to cure a cow, and there's not much difference, I suppose," I said.

IN the evening we were sitting in the little café. Carmen was sad and still, and Helmut was very drunk.

"My brother, my friend," he said. "You go away on a perilous journey. And you won't come back, you damned fool." He leaned against Carmen and she tried to comfort him.

I paid the waiter and took my coat and hat.

"*Adios,*" I said. "*Adios,* and God bless you both."

"*Adios,*" Carmen said, but she did not look up.

I hailed a taxi and stopped at the Palacio Salvó and sent a telegram to Kathrin O'Brien: PLEASE CABLE FIFTEEN HUNDRED TO DOCTOR HELMUT LEIPEN HOTEL CORREA MONTEVIDEO STOP LOVE JAN, and handed it to the girl behind the window. And then I was down at the harbor.

I paid the taxi and walked over to the pier.

I SAW Santander first from the deck of the General Alvear, and I thought that it was very pretty. Soon after that I saw it through the iron gratings of a window in the Prisión Central, and then I thought that there was not much to it.

It was all very surprising. I settled my business with the Spanish port authority quickly and smoothly and then I went ashore. I walked leisurely toward the promenade, found a bank where I changed fifty dollars into pesetas, and then began to ascend the little hill crowned by the castle. I was almost halfway up when I heard heavy steps behind me, and suddenly some one gripped my arm. I pivoted around and looked at the man who had accosted me. He wore a bowler hat and a badge with crossed arrows and his face was yellow and mean.

"Come with me," he said.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.

"Don't talk such a lot," he said. "Just come with me."

"All right," I said. A second man was waiting beside a long gray car with a driver in uniform at the wheel. "Prisión Central," said the man who had arrested me.

"What is it all about?" I said. "I haven't done anything. I am a *refugiado.*"

"I don't care who you are," the man said. "Don't talk such a lot. I don't like your accent."

The car rolled into a courtyard, and we got out and climbed steep stairs and entered a large room. The plain-clothes man took me up to an old man at a desk and said, "This is the fellow with the dollars."

The man didn't even look up. "Have him put up in Number 8," he said.

"I am not your servant," the plain-clothes man said nastily. "I have no time for nonsense. You can do what you want with the fellow—let him go, or shoot him, or invite him to dinner. *Adios.*"

The old man stood up. "Come on, you," he said, and opened the door for me.

We went through a long stone-paved passage, and he knocked at a door that was heavy with iron bands. After a few minutes a man in a sweat shirt and uniform pants opened it. The old man said gruffly, "Here's a fellow for Number 8."

"Anything the matter, Luis?" the other man said.

"It's nothing," the old man muttered. "Benavente has been impudent again. They think the country belongs to them, and the Army and the police are nothing."

"Falange," the second man said, and it sounded as if he had spat on the floor. He locked the door and looked up at me. "Name, age, profession, nationality," he said.

"Name is Wolfgang Faerber," I said. "Twenty-eight years old. Veterinarian. Austrian nationality."

He filled out a form and said, "Come with me." We crossed the corridor and he opened a cell and shoved me in. The stench hit me in the face like a wet towel. My stomach turned over and I felt sick and miserable.

It was almost dark when the door opened again. Two men in dark blue shirts and red Basque caps and carrying clubs stood there. One of them said, "Get out of here. We're taking you away."

"It's about time," I said. "I've been arrested for nothing, and I've been held all day without a hearing. It's a scandal, I say."

I did not see him unhooking his club, and the blow hit me like the edge of a knife coming down from the beam of a guillotine. I fell on the floor, and he hit me again, and I dropped like a plummet into a deep shaft.

The throbbing of my temples woke me up. I heard the sound of shots. When I heard that sound I knew I was still alive. There was a voice that said: "I think he is moving, Comrade Joaquin." The man Joaquin came over to my cot and helped me to sit up. I looked the room over. "It looks like a dungeon," I said.

"That's what it is," Joaquin said. "It is the dungeon underneath the Castillo. Evidently you haven't been in a dungeon before, comrade. For most of us it is not the first one but very probably the last one. You are a foreigner, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I am an Austrian. I have been in America the last couple of years, but I found that I had some business to finish in Austria, or maybe in Bohemia. I have come back to finish that business."

"*Quita allá,*" he said. "You are walking right into the arms of the S.S., friend."

"I know that," I said. "My business concerns the S.S., you see. When do you think I'll get a hearing?"

"I wouldn't know." He looked down at his hands and hesitated a little, and then he said: "There won't be any hearing, probably. They shoot most of them without a hearing. They shoot them when they are drunk or when they are bored or without any reason at all. You'd better prepare a story, though, just in case."

"I have a story," I said. "I am a *refugiado.* I came over the mountains, and I want to go to Lisbon."

"That's a good story," he said. "Stick to it, comrade. If they believe it, they might send you back to France, or perhaps to a camp. Perhaps they'll even send you to Madrid to get papers. I'll give you an address in Madrid where you can live cheaply. It's Consuela Chavez, 5, Calle de Mellila. Tell her Jaime sent you. Jaime is head of the Communist underground in Madrid. If he wishes to help you, things will go much easier for you."

There was a sound of heavy footsteps outside. The door opened, and two men in Falangist uniforms stood there. The prisoners stood in a row like wooden puppets. A name was called and there was the sound of a door closing. There were the footsteps again, loud like cannon shots, and then they faded away and it was quiet.

THE Falangists came day after day for three days, and each time they picked out a man and led him away. On the fourth day it was the keeper who stood in the door. He said he wanted Wolfgang Faerber.

I had a funny feeling that I was not going to die in this place, that I wasn't going to die at all—at least, not before I had got to Austria. We went upstairs and walked through a long corridor. The keeper stopped before a door and rapped discreetly, and then he opened it and said: "*El señor Wolfgango Faerber.*" He stood aside while I passed through, and then he left.

The man sitting at the table was very old. He had thin white hair and a carefully trimmed white mustache, and his narrow head looked fragile, like thin cut glass. He said: "I couldn't make head or tail of your dossier. Your name is Wolfgang Faerber and you are an émigré?"

"Yes," I said.

His cool greenish eyes went over my face like the point of a pencil. "You changed United States dollars in the Banco Commerciale de Santander," he said. "Where did you have the dollars from?"

"It was my savings," I said. "I managed to get it out of Austria."

He nodded. "You are a veterinarian?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. He paused for a second, and then he said: "What would you do with a cow that has colic?"

"Well," I said, "if the stomach is blown up badly, I would puncture a certain spot to release the gas."

"You don't have any papers, do you?" he asked.

"No," I said. "They kept them in Bayonne."

"It is fortunate they did not keep your money too," he said. "Money is useful for a man in your situation."

He smiled and looked down at his hands, and I noticed that the cuffs on his shirt were slightly frayed. He said: "Either you are very clever or your story is true. I prefer to believe the latter. I like Austrians, and I like to be useful to people of a certain kind. I'm going to send you to Madrid. I'll also write a letter to the duke, who is a friend of mine. Because of this, in the headquarters of the Dirección de Seguridad, they will give you a *permiso para permanecer* for three months, and they'll give you a stateless passport so you can go on to Lisbon."

"You are very kind," I said.

He wrote for a few minutes. Then he stamped and folded the papers and gave them to me. "There are some fees, by the way," he said. "You can pay them in U. S. dollars if you like."

"Will twenty-five dollars be enough?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "That will about cover it."

I handed him the money awkwardly across the table. He put it under his writing pad and said: "Remember me to the duke when you are in Madrid."

He went with me to the door. The sun was up and the castle looked very pretty and very old. It was a nice old castle, although a few things in it were perhaps not quite on the level.

It was Christmas when I got to Madrid, but it did not look very Christmas-like. There were still trenches in the suburbs and houses without roofs and windows, and the walls of the churches were pockmarked by bullets. The children were huddled in the doorways and corners like little bundles of rags, and they did not play.

When I finally found the place I was looking for, Mrs. Chavez opened the door. She was a charming old lady in a frilly pink negligee, and she gave me a quick glance when I told her that Jaime had sent me. She didn't seem to care whether I had luggage or not.

On the morning of the last day of the year Mrs. Chavez sent for me and I went across to her room.

A girl with narrow dark eyes and plain dark hair parted in the middle was sitting there. Mrs. Chavez said: "I wanted you to meet my niece, Señor Faerber. Her name is Lisa Dzershavin." And then, murmuring an excuse, she left.

The girl looked at me coldly. "You said you are a friend of Jaime's, didn't you?" she said.

"Yes," I said. "Did your aunt tell you that?"

"Consuela is no more my aunt than you are my grandson," she said. "You know that, don't you?"

"She is a very charming lady," I said.

"Cut out the prattle," she said. "Jaime never heard your name. You'd better tell me who you are."

"That involves the question of who you are," I said. "Maybe you like the police. If you are friendly with them, you can tell them that I carry a letter from Count Piran to the Duke of La Roda."

"I did not think you were that sort," she said.

"I am no special sort," I said. "I'm just a *refugiado* and I want to reach Lisbon. I took the wrong way, and they almost shot me. The count let me out of prison and gave me that letter so I could get a passport and a visa for Portugal."

"It is a lie," she said.

"It is my story," I said. "Who are you?"

She looked at me and her dark eyes were wary. She said: "I'm a friend of Jaime's. I mean, one he knows."

"All right," I said. "I am a friend of Joaquin's. Joaquin gave me the address of this place, and Joaquin told me to say that I am a friend of Jaime."

"He shouldn't have done it," she said. "Joaquin was always too much on the spur of the moment. Tell me the rest of your story."

"It's not much of a story. I am a Czech, and I have come back from America to get a particular fellow in the S.S. I could do with some help," I said, and suddenly I felt hopeless and flat again. "I'm just running in a circle like a blind horse on a treadmill."

"Tell me what we can do for you," she said.

"I want to get to Austria," I said. "My whole trip was only an idiotic pleasure cruise if I can't get there."

SHE pondered briefly, then she said: "Maybe you should talk to Jaime about it. Maybe he will think it worth while. You never can tell. He does things that seem foolish at the time, but they never are."

"Where can I meet him?" I asked.

"You can find the address in any phone book," she said. "It is the firm of Gaston Roget & Cie., exporters of olive oil and produce. You ask for Monsieur Emile Roget, and you tell them you are from the branch office in Paris."

She put on her belted fur coat and went to the door. "See you again," she said.

"Good-by," I said, and she went out.

After a few seconds Mrs. Chavez entered. She smiled a little and asked, "How did you like my niece?"

I did not return her smile. I said, "I don't like her very much," and went up to my room.

Jaime was smoking a cigarette in a long ivory holder when the clerk ushered me into his office. His hair was slicked down, and his face was yellow and very ugly.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I have little time."

"You know what I want," I said. "Lisa Dzershavin said that you could get me some papers for my trip to Austria."

"I could get you anything if I wanted to," he said.

"You don't want to, though," I said.

"No," he said, "I don't. You have some personal squabble with some man in the S.S., and you think the organization will serve you as a porter or a traveling agency. It will not, of course. We have no time for squabbles with S.S. men, comrade."

"It would be one less, anyway," I said.

"So what?" he said. "One doesn't count, and one hundred don't count, and even a thousand don't count. Our business is to preserve the cadres for the day that will come. It is a tedious job, comrade. It is not romantic at all. It consists of ten thousand little moves and little bribes and little executions. You just go home and make a clay figure of your man and pierce it with a needle in the place where the heart should be. Maybe you'll feel better afterward, and at least you won't have done any damage."

"I'll pierce that place, all right," I said, "only I'll use a live figure. Good-by, Comrade Jaime."

"You are as stubborn as a peasant or a woman," he

said, with an angry laugh. "Don't run away, comrade. I may have some job for you."

"Thank you," I said. "I'm self-employed."

"You're a damned fool," he said, "but you could be useful. You are in possession of a letter to the Duke of La Roda. I'd like to have that letter."

"I might have some use for it myself," I said. "That letter can't replace a passport and a couple of visas, but it is better than nothing at all."

Jaime fitted a new cigarette into his ivory holder.

"How did you like Mrs. Dzershavin?" he asked.

"I didn't know she was married," I said. "Her husband also working in the organization?"

"Her husband," he said, and made a grimace. "There is no husband. The Count Dzershavin was a taxi driver in Paris. He got four hundred francs and a tuxedo for the ceremony. We needed the name for some job. It was some American engineer who went in for titles, I believe. It was the year the Dnieprostroy was opened. She is very beautiful, isn't she?"

"Yes," I said.

"Some of those Polish Jewesses are so beautiful that it is almost a sin," he said. "I used to know a lot of them in Paris. We had a lot of fun in the party then." He stared at his fingernails. "I think Lisa likes you. She is a good friend to her friends. She could do a lot for a comrade."

"Don't be silly," I said. "How about those papers?"

"I might let you have them," he said. "You have guessed right that I need that letter. I could also use a man like you. I need a man who speaks German and speaks Spanish with an accent like yours and comes from overseas. It's a job for a good man. You'll have your expenses paid, and you'll have friends. Just think it over."

"I will when I come back from Austria," I said.

"All right," he said angrily. "Have it your own way. Give me the letter now and I'll figure out how to ship you to Vienna. I'll let you know in one or two days. Get out now. I've wasted a lot of time on you."

"I'm very sorry for that," I said. "Good-by, comrade."

Somebody was knocking at the door of my room the evening of the next day. I said, *"Entra Usted."*

Lisa Dzershavin came in. She said, "Get up and get yourself ready. We're going away. Jaime doesn't want you hanging around Madrid. It's too dangerous. We're going to Les Artaux. It's a deserted sanitarium we use when the pavement in the street gets too hot for somebody."

"Do you have the papers?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I have only two *salvo conductos* for us. You'll get the papers later on."

We went downstairs and took a tram to the Estación del Norte. It was a nice night; it was a night for traveling and for making love.

"Why did Jaime send you along with me?" I asked, when we were in the train. "You don't have to answer if you don't want to."

Lisa did not look at me. "There are reasons why I don't want to show my face in the streets of Madrid for a week or two," she said. "Nothing urgent, you understand."

"Certainly," I said. "Some of the reasons wear officers' uniforms, don't they?"

She looked at me, and her face was hostile. She said: "You are what the Jews in Poland call a *roshe*. I'm going with you only because Jaime ordered me to."

"I thought you were too friendly with Jaime to take orders from him," I said.

"Jaime is *le chef*," she said. "Everybody takes orders from the *chef*. It doesn't matter what you are to him outside of the party. Do you mind if we terminate this conversation now?"

"No, I don't," I said. "I don't mind at all."

I WENT to sleep, and when I woke the sun was up and the train was pulling into our station. We went over to an old Model T Ford that was parked behind the depot, and we rode for almost an hour on a narrow road climbing steadily between brownish uplands. Then we left the car and took a little side road that went up between the hills. It was dark and narrow and neglected, and the sanitarium was cheerless and neglected too, but it looked better when I lighted the fires in our rooms.

It was a funny feeling to be alone in the big house. I said I was tired and would go to bed, and Lisa said she'd do the same. When I woke up she was standing beside my bed looking down at me. She smiled and said, "I like you better sleeping than awake. You have a nice face when you sleep. There is something in the faces of sleeping people that gives them away, you know. Most of them look sheepish and stupid and sick."

"I knew a girl back in New York," I said. "She said much the same thing about faces that are laughing."

"She must be a nice girl," Lisa said. She hesitated a little, and then she said. "I wanted to tell you that I am sorry about that remark in the train. I mean, when I said you were a *roshe*. I hate *roshes*. I don't hate them because they hate the Jews. I hate them because of their faces. They have the faces of animals and of murderers. I saw those faces bent over the body of a woman when I was a little girl. The woman's clothes were spattered with blood. She was dead, and she was my mother. It was a very small pogrom; it didn't even get into the newspapers." Suddenly she got up and walked toward the door.

"Let's go down to the village for dinner," she said and her eyes were inscrutable again.

After we came back there was a knock at my door and Lisa came in. She had on black pajamas and a thin dressing gown. She sat down in front of the fire, and the glow of the burning wood was on her face, and it made her look very beautiful. She said, "I talked a lot of rubbish this afternoon, didn't I?"

"No," I said, "it was very interesting."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Very interesting." She sat for a few minutes without moving. Then she said: "You don't care an awful lot for me, do you?"

"Well," I said, "I certainly like you. I didn't like you in the beginning, but I like you now."

"That means you don't care," she said.

"No," I said. "It means I like you."

"It means you don't care," she said.

"All right," I said. "You can have it your own way."

"You are vain and selfish and arrogant," she said. "You probably are a *roshe* at heart."

"Do you always start your affairs this way?" I said. "It's a pretty funny way to start one, you know."

"You seem to know a lot about my affairs," she said.

"Enough to feel nauseated," I said. "There was the count, and the American engineer, and Jaime, and a hundred others, probably. You must be very tired at times. Aren't you?"

"God!" she said very softly. "Who told you that?"

"Well—" I said. I felt silly. "I gathered it from what

Jaime told me. It was more the way he said it than what he said, you know."

"Jaime is very clever," she said. "He is much cleverer than you and I. He is like a chess player, and we are like pawns to him. He probably thought I was in love with you, and he didn't like it, and so he made his move."

"But you are not in love with me, are you?" I said.

"I don't know," she said unhappily. "All I know is that I've been miserable since I met you. I have been a little less miserable when I was with you, but I have been miserable all the time."

I looked down at her. Her back was rounded from stooping over the fire. She was not trying to look pretty at all. I hated myself when I saw her sitting like that.

She said in a small voice, "Do people feel like that when they are in love?"

"Yes," I said. "I know because I've felt the same way when I was with you." And suddenly I knew that it was true.

She stood up and came toward me. Her eyes were alight. She said, "You have a girl back in New York. A nice girl, not a rag like me."

"You are not a rag," I said. "You are lovely."

"God bless you for saying that," she said.

She put her arms around my neck. Her eyes were half closed and the lashes made dark half-moons against her cheeks. "I don't care if you do love her. This is our night, Johan." She said it in a dark, velvety voice that sounded as if she had not said it before, never before—never, never before.

JAIME was waiting in the small café in the village when we came down from the mountain. He said genially, "*Holà*, Lisa. I've got passports and *états civils* for the other side. Have you been bored up here?"

"No," Lisa said. "It wasn't boring. It was wonderful."

Jaime shot a glance at her, and then he turned to me and his face was not genial any more. He handed me a sheaf of papers and said: "Take them and get the hell out of here. You're a German planter from Blumenau, Brazil. Your name is Carlo Schmidt. You are a member of the Blumenau Turnverein and the S.A., of course. Don't be stingy with Heil Hitlers, and don't get drunk, and don't talk too much. If you have to go underground and don't know where to sleep, pick up a girl and give her five marks and spend the night in her place. Never go back to the room of a girl when you've slept there before. The girls have no stamina when they're cross-examined, and they're stupid and like gossiping. That's all. Good-by and good luck, and get out. I'm sick and tired of seeing your face."

"Thank you, Comrade Jaime," I said. "I'll go very soon. I'll go today if you want me to."

Suddenly Lisa spoke: "I hope my papers are as good as his, Jaime." She said it in a low, steady voice, dropping the words like a cigarette stub.

Jaime's eyes grew small and he said in an ugly voice, "What papers, Lisa?"

"My traveling papers," she said. "I'm going, too."

"He'll get himself killed," Jaime said. "You know that."

"He will if I don't go with him," Lisa said. "I know how to handle the police, and I am a woman. A woman is always a good camouflage."

"Very good," Jaime said. "So good that you'll get killed with him. It is an excellent camouflage."

"Maybe I will," Lisa said, "maybe I won't. You are very worried about me, Jaime. You were not that way when I went to France and to Santander."

"You did it for the party," Jaime said. "You didn't do it for a man."

"Don't be too sure," Lisa said. "Women always do things for a man, somehow. That's how women are."

Jaime lighted a cigarette. He said: "I wouldn't care a lot if I weren't sure that you will not come back alive. But I know you won't. You haven't got a Chinaman's chance, Comrade Dzershavin."

"You shouldn't have sent me up here," Lisa said. "Why did you send me to Les Artaux, Jaime?"

"I don't know," Jaime said. "Perhaps I wanted to feel how it was when you were not around. As a boy I sometimes tried to hurt myself until I felt like crying, but then I didn't cry."

"Does it hurt this time?" Lisa said.

"It hurts like hell," Jaime said in a dull voice.

THE West Bahnhof in Vienna was even uglier than I remembered. There were only five or six taxis at the entrance, but we managed to get one of them.

The town looked as if I had left it the day before. But the house fronts were covered with rows of swastikas and there were lots of uniforms and visored hats everywhere, and very few of the men who wore them looked like soldiers.

We paid the taxi at the Citadel, and from there we took the tram to Favoriten and walked to Prokop's Inn. I lifted the heavy knocker and let it drop, and after a few minutes the door opened.

"Good evening, *pan* Prokop," I said. "I have come to pay you a debt. You have spent the money on my behalf for a journey and a funeral and a stone cross."

"Come in," he said. "You have come a long way. I expected you, but I didn't expect you so soon. You shouldn't have brought your wife, though. It's dangerous. You have told her why you came?"

"I have told her," I said. "She knows I have come to see Hans Fliegl."

"You will have to be pretty quick if you expect to get him," Prokop said. "You are not the only one who is after him."

"He belongs to me," I said. "Do you know where he is?"

"He might be in Vienna," Prokop said. "Though they've sent most of the Austrian S.S. to the frontier. The Russkis will make pulp out of them."

"I hope they didn't send him," I said. "I have come a long way."

Prokop went to the kitchen and brought cold meat and cheese and a bottle of wine. "You are lucky to be in the house of an innkeeper," he said. "An innkeeper can always help himself. So eat and drink, and tell your wife to eat. A young wife may be feeding two before she knows it."

Lisa blushed easily these days. She looked very nice when she blushed.

The next day I said I would go out and have a look at the town, and Prokop gave me a swastika for my button-

hole. He told me a man without a swastika was liable to get caught in a street round-up and taken to the S.S. headquarters.

I took a tram into the city. I knew where I was going. When the tram reached there, I got out and walked across a square, and there was the small house with the dingy butcher shop beside the door. The sign over the shop read ANNA FLIEGL. My heart beat very fast and I felt weak and sick and excited.

It was as simple as that, I thought. You made a trip to a distant town, and then you went up the stairs and knocked at a door. There was a man behind the door, and you killed that man and walked out again. Or perhaps you didn't walk out. I would say, "Do you remember me, standard leader? My name is Jan Dvorin."

I remembered his face, and I also remembered his neck. It was long and thin like a chicken's, and I hated his neck even more than his face.

There was a cobbler's shop in the next house, and I could see the old man sitting at his bench. He was a very ordinary old man. He made his living by repairing worn-out shoes, and he probably liked his work and his family and the little pleasures of his life. It was hard to imagine that somebody might come in through that door and take him to a prison cell and stand him up against a brick wall in the gray of early morning.

Suddenly I knew what I would say to Fliegl.

But before I reached the house a man came out. He was wearing an S.S. uniform with the four silver rosettes of a standard leader on the collar of his black tunic. And when I came nearer I saw that it was Fliegl.

He was very drunk. His eyes were small and bloodshot, and he looked fat and old and burnt out and pitiful, like a man of fifty; and the dismal thing was, one could see in spite of it that he was not yet thirty.

I stopped in front of him and said, "Do you remember me, standard leader?"

"Of course," he said. "Let's go and have a drink."

We walked a few blocks before we found a café and Fliegl was occupied with the task of keeping his legs under him. When we sat down, his empty eyes were arrested by the little swastika pin in my buttonhole, and the corners of his mouth dropped in a sneer. He bent forward and flapped the back of his hand against the pin and said: "Not a party member, eh? You missed the bus. I told you in time. Remember? But you were not interested. Look at yourself now, and then look at me. Some difference, isn't there?"

"Yes," I said.

"Don't sit there like a parrot and say 'yes' and 'no,' " he said. "What's your name?"

"Schmidt," I said. "My name is Karl Schmidt."

"Funny," he muttered. "I'd have sworn it was something beginning with a D. You were the only decent fellow in that damned school, Schmidt. The only one! Will you call me Hans?"

"Yes, Hans," I said.

The waiter came with a bottle of Tokay and Fliegl filled the glasses.

"*Skaal,*" I said.

I WAS figuring hard. I could do it right away. His holster lay on the chair, and the butt of the automatic showed under the flap. Or I could do it in a taxi later, when we were alone. That was probably better, and I could get away when it was done. I might as well get away, I thought.

If I killed him in the taxi I shouldn't have to use the gun. I looked at his neck. It was not so thin as I remembered it, but it was still quite a handy neck. He was drunk, the swine was. I'd have liked him better sober, but he would get sober, all right—plenty sober.

There was a gust of laughter by the door, and an officer in the blue uniform of the Luftwaffe and two S.S. officers came in. They looked in our direction, and then they went around to the other side of the orchestra. Fliegl's face worked and he looked hurt. He said: "We ought to see each other more often, Karl. I'm leaving for Prague next week, but in a few months I'll be back again, and then we must see each other. You are the only fellow who understands me."

He pushed the wine bottle over to me. "There's some left," he said. "Drink it and let's go."

"Yes," I said. "Let's go."

The air outside was cold and clean. Fliegl stopped and looked at me. "I believe you're a Communist, Karl," he said. "I believe you have come to kill me."

"Of course I have," I said. "How did you find out?"

"I don't know," he said miserably. "You act funny, and you talk funny, and everything about you is funny. Tell me if you have come to kill me."

"I told you the first time," I said.

"I knew it," he said. "I feel kind of sick, you know. I like drinking, but I always get sick afterwards. I don't mind if you kill me. I feel very sick."

"I'm glad you don't mind," I said.

"No," he said. "Somebody will kill me anyway, sooner or later. You're a friend, at least, even if you are acting funny now."

"Here's a taxi," I said. "If I act funny, it may be because I feel sorry for you."

"Don't feel sorry for me, sucker," he said. "There's nothing to feel sorry about."

I helped him in and told the driver to take us to the Arsenal, which was about halfway to Prokop's place. Fliegl sobbed softly, and in between sobs he said he was a lonely man, and why didn't I kill him? I told him I'd kill him some other time, when he was not so drunk. At the Arsenal I stepped out of the taxi and hailed another one. Fliegl bent out of the window. When our taxis passed each other I saw that he was laughing.

LISA was lying on the bed. "Where have you been?" she asked. "I was quite worried about you."

"I met an old school friend," I said. "I've been drinking with him."

The tenseness left her face. "You're a drunkard," she said. "You smell of wine a mile away. I hope you had a good time, at least."

Her face was lovely in the candlelight. It looked absurdly young and girlish above the frill of her nightgown. She said: "It's funny! You look like a husband coming home late, and I like a little nagging wife, scolding. I like it, somehow."

I said, "You are very sweet as a little nagging wife."

"I wonder what kind of wife I would make," she said.

"You'd make the kind they call wonderful," I said. "We'll find out soon, just to make sure."

"Is this a proposal?" she said.

"Yes," I said. "That's what it is."

"I'm glad," she said. "You know, Jan—" She hesitated. "Don't laugh, Jan—please don't—but I was thinking how it would be if I had a baby."

I said, "You must have some reason for mentioning that just now."

"Yes," she said. "Don't scold me, please, Jan."

"That's nothing to scold you for, you little moron," I said. "People are very happy about a thing like that."

"But you are not happy, are you?" she asked.

"I am happy," I said. "I'd be still happier if we weren't living here in no man's land between the lines."

"I'll be all right," she said. "For at least three or four months yet I'll be all right. Afterward we'll go some place where it is nice and quiet and wait for the baby."

"There aren't many places that are nice and quiet these days," I said.

"I want to go to England," she said dreamily. "I always wanted to go to England. I know they have the bombings now, but there must be some nice place in the country. They have cool lovely summers in England, and the people are quiet and stubborn and friendly."

"We'd need a visa, anyway," I said.

"We could get a visa in Switzerland," she said.

"The world is a big place," I said. I felt very tired. "It's nice to travel about and see the sights, if you've got time and money and no other business."

I went over to the window. The room was silent behind me, but I knew Lisa was crying, and I went back and touched her hand and said: "Don't cry, Lisa. We'll go to the Swiss consul tomorrow and try to get a visa. We'll do everything you want—we'll go to England and when the baby is born, he'll be a little Englishman."

"He'll be a little English girl, maybe," she said. "I'd like a girl, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I said. There was a little silence, and then she said: "You mustn't reproach me afterward because I kept you from doing your business."

"I'll drop it for now," I said. "There are plenty of other people who are after that man."

"I'm glad," she said. "You aren't cut out for that kind of business, Jan. An executioner is only an executioner, on our side or on the other side."

"The *tricoteuse* has changed," I smiled.

"I am a woman," she said, "and a woman with a baby is always plain and stupid. All she wants is a roof over her head and peace, so that her man won't go away and be killed. They are stupid and primitive, women are."

"You're a sweet primitive creature," I said. I undressed and got into bed.

We were quiet for a long time. Then Lisa's voice came through the dark. "I was thinking about that girl in New York. Were you very much in love with her?"

"Yes," I said. "It was another kind of love from ours, though. It was still and quiet and somehow innocent. It was not like leaping over fires. It was like holding hands in a movie show."

"Have you been together with her?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"I don't believe you," she said. "I'm glad, though. You have been together with me. We have been very much together. And then, there's the baby."

"Yes," I said, "there's the baby." I reached over and kissed her, and she cried a little, and then we slept.

THERE was the sound of a motor in the street and the thunder of fists beating against the door. Lisa was sitting up beside me. She was listening, and her eyes were wide with horror. "It's a raid," she said, and began to dress herself hurriedly. Even so, I was dressed before her.

A voice in the street shouted, and then there was a shot and the crash of glass. The rattle of the machine gun was sober and businesslike—more like hail on a tin roof than like shots. I opened the window at the back and looked out.

The back yard under the window was still empty. I jumped, and called up to Lisa to follow me. I caught her before she touched the ground. Then we ran across the courtyard.

Suddenly I heard steps running behind me, and wheeled around to find myself staring into an automatic.

"Come along," the S.S. man holding it ordered. "And don't try any funny business."

I took one long step and fell upon him as he squeezed the trigger. I felt one of his vertebrae let go. The hand with the gun fell down and his body grew limp.

We ran down the street. Lisa was leaning heavily on my arm and looking very sick, with pinched cheeks and dull, half-closed eyes.

She said, "That fellow, Jan—"

"He hit you, didn't he?" I said, and I felt the blood go out of my face.

"Yes," she said. "I believe I'm bleeding inside."

I led her across the street to the taxi stand. I helped her in, and Lisa said feebly: "We mustn't go to the hospital, Jan. They would report to the police. If we could find a private surgeon—"

Suddenly something flashed into my mind. I told the driver to wait, and running into the phone booth I thumbed the book for Professor Karasek's address. I got back into the cab. "The address is 11 Spital Gasse," I told the driver.

Karasek's office was on the second floor. I carried Lisa upstairs and pushed the bell.

The door opened, and Karasek stood there. The students at the clinic had called him the Hyena, but he was even uglier than I remembered him.

"I used to be one of your students, professor," I said humbly. "My wife has had a bad accident. I thought you might be kind enough to examine her."

"I remember you," he said. "You are that little chap with the phony seraph's eyes whom Helmut Leipen used to sneak into my courses sometimes. He was a good man."

He gave me a long glance and bent over to Lisa. After a minute's examination he called a nurse and they carried Lisa inside.

It was a long time before Karasek came back. "Your wife is sleeping now," he said. "I've given her a transfusion and a Carrel-Dakin, but she's in a very bad way. She'll probably die."

"I see," I said, and I felt a dull, aching pain. I felt weak and sick and bled white.

Karasek looked at me.

"Do you know who shot her?" he said.

"Yes; the S.S.," I said. And then I knew I had to tell him everything.

He didn't commit himself. He said, "I'll be back at noon. You can stay here that long." He went out. He had not said whether he would report to the police, but it did not make much difference if he did. Nothing made any difference. The nurse took me to Lisa. Her eyes were closed. The lids looked blue and very thin and the cheeks had a faint tinge of pink. She was very quiet.

I sat down beside the bed and watched her. Probably she would die tonight. She would die, and the baby would die with her. She had wanted very much to go to England; but she would not go, because she would die.

"I don't want to die," she whispered. "I love you so much, Jan. It's very hard to die if you love somebody."

"You won't die," I said.

"I'm sorry to make you all this trouble," she said.

"It's my fault if anybody's," I said. "Remember when I told you that I met an old school friend?"

"Yes," she said.

"The school friend was Hans Fliegl," I said. "I met him by chance, and we drank together. At first I thought I'd kill him. But he was so drunk and miserable I couldn't do it. It wasn't like killing a man. It was like putting a knife into a soft, puffed-up cake of jelly. He was too disgusting even to kill."

"You aren't made for murder, Jan," she said. "I'm glad you didn't kill him."

"I was a damned fool," I said. "He was drunk, but he wasn't too drunk to get suspicious and put down the number of my taxi. He outwitted me. I was a damned fool—and you and Prokop have to pay the piper."

She closed her eyes and smiled like somebody who knows better but doesn't care to argue about it. She said: "You must promise me something. It's really two things, but they are connected with each other."

"I'll promise you a hundred things," I said. "And I will do them."

"The first is about that girl in New York," she said. "You will go back to her when I am dead."

"You won't be dead," I said.

"I know," she said patiently. "I mean, only in case. Will you go back to her?" I nodded and her hand tightened on mine. "Then, I want you to give up the hunt after that man," she said. "You'll get killed, or you'll get as bad as he is—or maybe worse, because you are stronger than he is. I don't want you to get bad. You must promise me to give it up."

"No," I said. "I'm sorry, Lisa. His bill has run up too high to be canceled all at once."

"You must promise me," she said in a queer murmuring voice. "Get out of this country and go back to the States. This country is cursed. God's wrath is on this country. Promise me that you'll go back."

"All right," I said. "I'll go back."

"Good," she smiled. "I'll sleep a little now; I feel rather tired. Good night, darling, and thank you for everything."

I SAT by the bed while time wore on. The face on the pillow did not stir. It was a little strange, and it moved away from me as I gazed at it. And then it was another face altogether—it was a face in a dream that I was dreaming—and I dropped forward on the edge of the bed and slept.

At two o'clock Karasek came back. He was angry when he found me there, and sent me into the next room. After a while he came out and he did not look like a hyena any more. He looked like a nice and sorrowful old man.

"The girl is dead," he said. "She was already dead when I came back." He looked at me and sighed. "What are you going to do?"

I said, "I think the first thing I'm going to do is to break an oath." I hesitated. "What are you going to do with her?" I asked.

"It will be all right," he said. "I'll take her to the morgue of the hospital and I'll report that a taxi driver brought her in. They need me too much to ask many questions. And I'll give her a decent burial. She was a lovely girl. Don't you want to see her?"

"No," I said. "She was smiling, sort of, wasn't she?"

"Yes," he said. "She was smiling."

"Good-by," I said, and went out.

THE churches were good places to sleep in. I used them often when the weather was not too cold. Sometimes I slept in one of the confessionals and sometimes in the sacristy. A church was better than a cellar or a sewer chamber. Then it got very cold, and I had to quit using the churches and stick to the rooms of girls I picked up.

The weeks were not very different one from another. They made a grayish chiaroscuro that sometimes dragged on interminably and sometimes raced like a movie with the projection machine out of order. Now and then I ran for my life, or lay on my stomach under bridges and stairways, my heart in my mouth, or I climbed up iron ladders or rain pipes or into freight cars.

I did not find Fliegl in Prague. I heard through a waiter in a café that he had been arrested by the German military police because of some drinking bout, and later on I learned that he had been sent to Berlin to report to Eastern Headquarters.

I found a Communist who knew a way over the Schneekoppe to Prussian Silesia. I took a train from Görlitz.

Berlin was a purgatory. Everybody spied on everybody, although there was not much to spy on, because men and women and children were intoxicated with bulletins and flags and military marches. I still had money, most of it in U. S. dollars. The sight of the green bills worked wonders. The Fuehrer was a demigod all right, but it was quite another story with the money he issued, and a five-dollar bill was a fair backlog against a rainy day.

I began to frequent little dumps around the Alexander Platz that were lairs of the S.A. and S.S., and I paid for drinks and told stories about South America and the Ausland-Deutsche movement and the S.A. of Blumenau in Brazil. They took it for granted that I was in Berlin on some kind of party business, and I grew quite chummy with them after a time. Only then did I begin to mention cautiously the Austrian S.S. and the name of Fliegl. Then a man to whom I mentioned him grinned and said, *"Ja, ja, der Amerikaner,"* and for the first time I discovered Fliegl had spent some time in America. But I learned something more important than that. Fliegl had been transferred to Paris.

His address, the man remembered, was in the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, Paris. He remembered it because Lenoir meant Schwartz in German, and his own name was Schwartz. Funny, wasn't it? I said it was very funny and asked for the number in the Boulevard Lenoir, but he had forgotten that, and I was afraid to seem overinsistent.

There was a cool drizzling rain outside, and the wind from the mountains smelled of fall. I walked to the station and took a ticket to Strasbourg.

I HATED Paris when I saw it. The Gare de l'Est was dirty, the Panthéon was empty, and the Opéra was a noisy revel in gold and pillars and ornaments. The Eiffel Tower seemed only an enormous pile of old iron.

I explored the Boulevard Lenoir from the Quai Valmy to the Place de la Bastille, finding nothing. I had asked the same stupid question four hundred times. My French was abominable; the concierges and the girls did not like it, and I didn't like it either. They did not say Boche, but it was written all over their faces, and even the short angry slam of the doors spelled it out.

My daily routine was to walk to the Place de l'Opéra, sit down at a table on the sidewalk in front of the Café de la Paix, and have an apéritif. I figured that Fliegl had to cross the square sooner or later. All the Germans did, and they stopped a little while for a drink before they went on to the Vaudeville.

It was not Fliegl, though, who walked by one day: it was Jaime de la Fuente. He stopped when he saw me and came to my table. He grinned with yellow teeth and said: *"Holà,* how have you been all this time?"

"I have been fine," I said. "It's nice to meet you again, Comrade Jaime. I suppose you are just seeing the sights, aren't you?"

"I'm here on business," Jaime muttered. "How have you been coming along?"

"Not so good," I said. "I met my man in Vienna, but I let him get away. I've made a botch of it."

"I thought you would," he said.

We walked through the Rue Rivoli and along the gardens of the Louvre. I said, "You haven't asked about Lisa Dzershavin, Jaime."

"No," he said. "I know where she is."

"She is dead," I said.

"She was a good girl," he said soberly. "She was a good party worker before she lost her head about you."

"You liked her a lot, didn't you?" I said.

"I never made love to her, if that is what you mean." He said morosely, "Maybe I would have if I had met her at another time and in another place, but I never did." He gave me a long look. "What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know," I said. "Somebody in Berlin told me the fellow was here, somewhere in Boul' Richard Lenoir, but I haven't found him."

"I'd give up if I were you," he said. "What you're trying to do is to throw a stone through a window, like a bad boy, and run away if they let you. You haven't realized that it is sometimes easier to blow up the house than to smash a windowpane. And now you're at the end of your rope, and you think I'll help you. I will not, of course. I've got no time to play games and throw stones."

I said: "You are not the first one to tell me that, Jaime. The night before Lisa died she told me she was going to have a baby, and she wanted me to go with her to England, and I said I'd go. A few hours later I was sitting by her bed, knowing that she was going to die, and I promised her again that I'd give it up. I won't

give it up, though. I'll go through with it if I have to dig the fellow out from the bowels of the earth. Lisa thought you liked her, but she was wrong. All she meant to you was File Number 222, and you have no business with her murderer."

"Quit talking about the girl," Jaime said. "Suppose I did like her; suppose I liked her more than you will ever like anybody—so much that I let her go even when I knew that she wouldn't come back. I liked the girl all right, comrade. Not that I care a damn what you think about it."

I said clumsily, "I'm glad you feel that way, Jaime."

"It's none of your business, anyway," he said.

We had come to a dingy little street. Its bricks were dark and smoke-blackened, and they looked like old blood. Jaime pointed at a small yellow house and said: "There's my office. What was the name of the street you mentioned?"

"It was Boul' Richard Lenoir," I said.

"All right," he said. "You can come up in two or three days, if you're still alive by then. Maybe I can find out about your man."

On the afternoon of the third day I went to Jaime's office.

"Your friend of the Elite Guard lived in Boul' Lenoir, all right," he said. "It was Number 137. But you have tough luck, comrade. He left about ten days ago. There's something fishy about the affair. He wore no uniform when he went away, and he had shaved off his mustache. What would you say to this description? Age, about thirty-five; figure, small, fattish, weak-looking; face, sallow, fattish; pale blue eyes; sandy hair."

"It's him," I said. "Where is he now?"

"That's what I'd like to know," he muttered. "It's the description of a man who left the train at St. Gilles on the second of October. He had vanished into thin air the next day. A submarine surfaced in the night for ten minutes offshore, and it too was gone in the morning. People on the shore were sure it was a sub. You say you've known this fellow Fliegl for a long time. Do you remember if he spoke English?"

"I wouldn't know," I said irritably. Then I remembered something. "He probably did speak English, come to think of it. Some one call him *der Amerikaner* in the S.S. because he had been in the States. He worked in the stockyards in Chicago, I believe, and he had some cousin who also worked there, the man told me."

"Maybe that's the place where you can look for your friend," said Jaime.

Suddenly I felt as if he had hit me over the head. I said: "I am an idiot, Jaime! He has gone to America, of course."

"You've gone to a lot of trouble for nothing, comrade," Jaime said. "You might as well have stayed in New York for a year and then taken a ticket to Chicago."

My mouth felt dry, with a bad taste under the tongue. I said, "What the hell does he want in America?"

"Only God is omniscient," Jaime said. "All I know is that he's up to some ugly business. They don't send a sub to take a man on a sightseeing tour, comrade. Do you remember the name of that cousin in Chicago?"

"I think it was Schubert," I said. "What do you want it for?"

"Just curiosity," he said. He jotted down a few dashes and dots. "You're a fool, Johan. You're such a fool that I could almost like you. Did anybody ever tell you what a fool you are?"

"Some have," I said. I hardly heard what he said; I was figuring hard. I said: "I must try to cross the Channel somehow. I have to get back to New York. A sub can't move very fast and he hasn't got much of a head start. Will you help me once more, Comrade Jaime?"

"Yes," he said, "I'll help you. I'll put you on the train to Cherbourg. When you get to Cherbourg you take a bus to La Granville and go to the *mairie*. I'll tell you what to say to the *maire*. I'll give you an address in London, too. I don't know exactly how they handle the business on the other end, but I think they get you an old seaman's discharge book and paste your photo in it with the stamp of your last ship. You've been quite useful, Johan. You've been more useful than you know. The Lord chooses curious tools sometimes."

"I don't know what you mean," I said.

"You'll find out in time," he said. "Well, *au 'voir*. I have business to attend to right now."

"*Au revoir*," I said, and went out.

THE weather in Rennell's Current was cold and dirty. The commodore yelled orders and signaled from the destroyer that we should keep formation, and our captain signaled back that we were keeping formation as well as we could with an old tub.

It gave me a strange feeling to be on my way to America again, and the strangest part of it was that it was somehow a feeling of coming home. Sometimes I imagined the theatrical gray silhouette of the statue on Bedloe's Island, and the jagged sky line behind it. I had been a little scared of it when I had come to New York before, but I knew I wouldn't be scared now.

Toward the end of the second week the weather cleared a little. It was then that the engines quit, and we had to drop out of formation, and the torpedo struck the side of the ship.

We did not hear much of an explosion. I ran to the

rail and was about to jump just as the stern shot up into the air. For a moment I saw the under belly of the ship and the blades of the screw thrashing crazily through empty air. I tried to hold on, but I couldn't, and I felt that this was the end of it. There was a rush of air, and I hit something, and it *was* the end of it.

I WAS riding through a long, narrow tunnel—riding on a train that shook and clattered through a dark winding tunnel. Suddenly the blackness was streaked with light and I felt a sharp flash of pain.

I opened my eyes. Two nurses were holding me down on the bed. One of them asked, "How are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling all right," I said. "Where am I?"

"You are in the City Hospital in Newark, New Jersey," the nurse said. "Were you having bad dreams?"

"Yes, very bad," I said.

A doctor came over. He smiled at me and said, "How are you feeling, Mr. Miller?"

"I'm feeling all right," I said. "What happened to me, doctor?"

"Plenty," he said. "Skull fracture, exposure, and pneumonia. You Britishers are made of iron and steel."

"Thanks," I said. "Could you tell me the date, please?"

"It's January 10," he said. "You've slept through most of world history, but I'll tell you about that later on. Anybody you want to see?"

"Yes," I said. "I'd like to see Dr. Helmut Leipen."

"Dr. Leipen," he said, and looked surprised. "He's over on Long Island; I believe it's in Bethpage. How do you happen to know him?"

"I don't know him very well," I said. "He won't even remember my name, maybe. Just give him a ring and tell him I bring him regards from Professor Karasek."

"O. K., Mr. Miller," the doctor said. "He's a very busy man, but I'll try my best. Now keep nice and quiet and don't rip your skull open."

"I won't," I said. "Thank you, doctor."

I lay back and looked at the tiny cracks in the ceiling. I felt weak and tired out and lightheaded, and I tried to do some thinking. But it seemed very hard and I soon gave it up.

Over the edge of the blanket I saw two men in hospital pajamas playing chess on a little table between their beds. One of them turned around and said: "You

had a hell of a long sleep, brother. You slept right through Pearl Harbor like a skunk in winter. The Japs have sent planes and ships and the Heinies have sent subs, spies and saboteurs, and you slept through it all."

I tried to sit up. "Did they send a lot of spies and saboteurs?" I said.

"They sent plenty," the man said. "They sent four of them by sub. First they went to Chicago, and the F. B. I. caught two of 'em. The other two went to Detroit, with the F. B. I. after them all the time."

"Do you know what happened to them?" I asked.

"They sent them on to Washington," he said. "They were convicted yesterday."

I lay rigid. "You don't know their names, do you?"

"No," he said. "They're just rats, that's all they are."

I RECOGNIZED Helmut by the thick lenses of his glasses. He wore a double-breasted suit and his face was fatter than it had been. He came over to my bed and said: "You look better than I thought you would."

"You don't look bad, either," I said. "You look fat and pink and healthy, like a hog before Epiphany."

"Yes," he said happily. "I think I'm over the hump. (Knock on wood.) Carmen wanted to come with me, but the maid has come down with the flu and there's nobody to look after the baby."

"Congratulations," I said. "Is it a boy?"

"Yes," he said, and he looked so proud I had to grin.

"So you took Captain Elisha's advice, did you?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "Elisha gave me money and an apartment in his house, and he talked so much about that silly ileus that I was scared that the A. M. A. would make trouble, but instead of that they invited me to give a lecture on emergency operations on the high seas."

"Some fun," I said. "You're getting to be a big shot."

"We all must settle down sooner or later." He grinned. "By the way, I talked over long distance with Miss O'Brien and told her you were here. She is down in Florida with her father. She said she'd come up as soon as she could make it. She was a very nice girl, sending me that money down in Monte. She has made quite a hit with Carmen."

"Yes," I said, "she's a nice girl. By the way, when I was in Vienna I paid a visit to Professor Karasek. He said that you're a good man."

Helmut blushed and took off his glasses and looked boyish and happy. "You couldn't bring me back anything better," he said. "It's like a medal when the Hyena says such a thing about somebody. Thanks."

"That's all right," I said. "By the way, I still owe you plenty of money. Do you know how much it is?"

"You're talking baloney," he said. "You don't owe me a broken penny. We were boys playing Indians, and we were fools, thinking we could wage war on our own. War isn't just a matter of hearts and hands: it's a matter of bookkeeping. There are hundreds of thousands like your father on this side of the ledger, and there are tens of thousands like that other fellow on the other side of it. War is a big business and it takes ordnance plants and blueprints and shipyards and continents as bases, and seventy million men killing one another. It takes a hell of a lot of stuff, old man, and it's hard to stop with revolver bullets."

"I don't know," I said. I felt terribly dizzy and weak and my voice sounded dragging and rasping. "There was a fellow in the underground who told me something like that, only in different words." I felt weak and I lay back. I said, "Why didn't you tell me Fliegl was arrested?"

"I wasn't sure you knew about it," Helmut said. "I didn't want to upset you. He was executed this morning. Let's not talk about it, Jan."

"I knew it was he," I said. "He's got away again. He's got away for good this time."

"I suppose he has," Helmut said. He started to go; then he came back to my bed and said: "Take it easy and don't exert yourself. By the way, how did you come to visit the Hyena?"

"A friend of mine got hurt," I said, "and I didn't know of any other doctor in Vienna. He was very nice, Karasek was. Don't call him Hyena any more, please."

"I told you it would be hard to get a doctor after a shooting," Helmut said.

"You were right there," I said. "Good-by, old sawbones. Don't be mad at me if I've talked a lot of trash. It's that knock on the head, I suppose."

"You're all right," Helmut said. "You're all right, and you're my friend, and all you need is a new start. But we'll talk about that next time. Good-by, old man."

Kathrin did not come that day, and she did not come the next day. On the afternoon of the third day the door opened and there she was. She was carrying yellow roses and she wore a small sports hat like the one she had worn at the Fair, with smooth blonde hair underneath it. Her face was tanned and her eyes were so dark blue they seemed almost black. She looked very lovely. It seemed to me that no girl had ever looked as lovely as Kathrin. I said, "You look lovely, Kathrin. But I'm sorry you had to break off your fun in Florida."

"We'd have come back anyway in a week or so," she said. "And then, you're not supposed to stay in Florida when your fiancé comes back after fifteen months." She laughed and said: "Fifteen months and one week and two days. You can't say I'm not exact!"

I felt a little low. "It is a long time," I said.

"Did you get that man you went after?" she asked.

I looked at her and did not answer. And suddenly she sat up very straight. "Was there a girl?" she asked —and it was almost as if she knew.

She was not looking at me; she was looking out the window at the houses on the other side of the street. I couldn't lie to her. "Yes," I said. "She died in Vienna. She was hit by a bullet when our place was raided."

"You were in love with her," Kathrin said.

"Yes," I said. "I was in love with her. She was killed in Vienna. It was my fault that she was killed."

Kathrin was playing with the flowers on the table. Slowly and carefully she pulled off the leaves of the nearest one. She kept them in her hand for a while, and then she opened her hand and let them shower on the floor like a little flurry of yellow snow. She said, "You are still in love with her, aren't you?"

"I don't know," I said. "When she asked me the same thing about you, I said yes, and she cried. There are different kinds of love, I suppose."

"No," she said. She broke the stalk of the rose with a dry little snap and said very quickly: "There is only one kind, but you have never known it. And there is only one sin against love: to go away. When you went away I cried until I was tired of crying and tired of life and tired of death." Her voice drooped and she said sadly: "You shouldn't have gone away, Jan."

"No," I said. "I shouldn't have gone away." I looked at her, and I loved her so much it was like the sharp pain from a knife between the shoulder blades. I said, "It's good-by, then, I suppose."

"Yes," she said. "It is good-by."

She stood up and touched my hand. I said: "Look here, Katinka, I was probably a fool, and I know I was a heel. But maybe it was good in a way, and maybe I'll be a better man for it. People can make up for a lot if they love each other."

"No," she said. "We can't make up the happiness of a year. This country is at war, Jan. They'll call you into the Army and they'll send you somewhere across the sea. I don't want to stand ever again on a platform and hear a train door click shut and go home all numb and dull and raw inside. We owe God only one death, and God won't want me to die twice in a lifetime. Good-by, Jan, and good luck to you."

"Good-by," I said, and I felt as if it were a good-by to life itself. And suddenly I knew that she felt the same way. I said, "You still love me, for all that, don't you, Kathrin?"

She bent over my bed and kissed me swiftly on the mouth. She said, "I'll always love you," and ran out. I heard the sound of her quick little steps along the corridor. Then it was quiet again.

IN February they released me from the hospital. I did not look for a job, although there were plenty of them. The Leipens had invited me to stay with them,

and I just played with the baby, and flirted a little with Carmen, and quarreled with Helmut when he had time, which was very seldom. Once I took an I. R. T. train to Corona and walked over to the site of the World's Fair.

It was a meadow, as it had been before. It gave me a funny Rip van Winkle feeling, as if I had dreamed of gravel paths and lights and drum-majorettes and many people walking and laughing and having a good time. It was all over. It was as much over as though it had never been.

Sometimes I tried to figure out how everything had happened and why it had come to pass in just the way it had.

But my thoughts never got far. Maybe I was too tired to do a lot of thinking. I had tried my hand at the game, and I had failed; and somehow I felt that it would be a good thing to become a soldier again, and to take orders like a soldier, and, like a good soldier, to let somebody else do the figuring.

Kathrin did not come to the house, but once I answered the phone and her voice answered. She was friendly and distant. She asked me how I was doing, and I said Thank you, I was all right and I was doing fine. There was a little silence at the other end, and then she said she was glad I was all right, and would I please call Carmen to the phone.

Two days later I had to go for my physical. The doctor said I was A Specimen, and they sent me to Camp Bullis in San Antonio. I wanted to call Kathrin before I left, but I knew that wasn't the way. It would have to be Kathrin who decided if our love would ever have another chance.

IN August I got a letter from her. It made me feel crazy and happy and devil-may care, and I drank a lot of liquor in San Antonio and invited other fellows to have drinks. The same evening I answered Kathrin. I wrote as I had wanted to write for months and then I waited, feeling tense, and at last I got a telegram.

The next morning I reported to the captain and asked for a pass, and he scowled and said the whole Third Army was trying to get married these days. And then he grinned a little and said he understood. He was a married man himself and he wouldn't stand in my way if I wanted to make a fool of myself but the best he could give me was a week.

Of course it was little enough, but I knew I wouldn't have to explain to Kathrin.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

ARE we in for a cycle of regional novels, or does it just happen that a number of good ones have shown up lately?

There was Taps for Private Tussie back there a while. Then we had The Life and Death of Little Jo, which took us into New Mexico, and Swing, the Big-Eyed Rabbit, dealing beautifully with Kentucky.

And now comes one of the most refreshing of them all, **Crazy Weather,** by **Charles L. McNichols.** Mr. McNichols' locale is the Colorado River Valley and his story is of South Boy, the name which the Mojave Indians have given the white son of a ranch owner, a boy who has grown up with the Indians, learned their lore and their language so well that he himself has to separate his

Charles L. McNichols

Indian thinking and his white-man thinking at times.

In a spell of extreme heat—or crazy weather, as the Indians call it—South Boy goes through a series of amazing adventures which lead him into manhood and into thinking as a white man.

These begin when he meets Havek, an Indian boy who had decided to go on a name-traveling expedition, wherein he intends to do a Great Thing and take his adult Indian name. South Boy accompanies him and they travel northward, where it is rumored the Piutes have started a war.

They do meet a crazy Piute, a killer, and they bring him to book. They travel and they act and they fight as grown Indians, with bows

Sylvan Hoffman

and arrows as well as guns. Havek begins his adventure because he is following tribal tradition; South Boy because it is hot, because his mother is away, recovering from illness, and because he fears that upon her return he will be sent away to a school where confinement will stifle him.

When the spell of crazy weather ends, both have reached their goals. Havek has performed his deed and will go to recount it, in story-songs, to his people. South Boy finds himself in a different way, by recognizing an opportunity to enrich his father and himself by cattle-dealing, which will require his presence in the country he loves.

The story itself has some of the qualities of such great boy adventures as Mark Twain's. And into it Mr. McNichols has adroitly woven Indian legend, customs, and manners.

Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $2.

AT least once a week I am either bored or annoyed by somebody's personal and highly original conception of the facts of American history. Many a person who can't name six of the Founding Fathers can tell you just how the founders would run the country today. And I am perpetually amazed to discover how vacillating the F. F. are. They agree (always unanimously) with whatever point of view is being projected at the moment.

Of course reading history is a little more difficult than twisting it about to serve a purpose. But I am now overjoyed to report that it has been made a great deal easier by the publication of a novel idea called **News of the Nation,** edited by **Sylvan Hoffman** and **C. Hartley Grattan.**

It is a history of America in tabloid newspaper form, written freshly, concisely, and factually. It is a brisk, well presented (in news column, editorial, picture, and cartoon form), easy way to get the basic facts of American history. As easy as reading your newspaper, as lively as today's headline. I hope the publishers sell at least fifty million copies.

Published by Garden City Publishing Co., New York. Price, $3.49.

"Victory Garden – 2 words that mean war aid

2 words that mean smooth whiskey – "Walker's DeLuxe"

You might properly say that Walker's DeLuxe is *born* smooth, for a Hiram Walker distilling refinement smooths it right from the start. And then it is cask-mellowed four full years. Tasting the result, you'll quickly realize that the two words, Walker's DeLuxe, describe the all-time peak of whiskey smoothness. Let us add that Walker's DeLuxe is not plentiful – the supply must last longer than originally intended because the distillery is now making alcohol for war.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

naturally. This one's a necklace. Emeralds and diamonds. I'm buying it, incidentally."

"Poor Trina! They've been living out of her jewel case ever since Holland fell. But, Daw, I don't need another necklace."

"'Napoleon sent this one to Queen Hortense, on the occasion of her birthday,'" Daw quoted. "'It's all but priceless.'"

"You've bought me so much already. Daw, do you really like seeing such a lot of them? There's something—oh, I don't know. It's not that I don't trust Albert, but—"

"But he carries reports upstairs from the patio? How old were you when you first met Bromfield, Jemima?"

HER fingers laced together, tight. "I was eighteen four years ago. I'd just come out. Remember?"

"I ought to. I cornered every white orchid on the Atlantic seaboard for your dance. Bromfield never seemed to send you orchids."

"On a news photographer's salary? But I had a lot of fun with Bill. I used to—to think newspapermen were romantic."

"You always sound as if you'd run up five flights of stairs." Daw hesitated. "Was it hard to run today?"

"I think I'll go down to the plaza." Jemima stood up quickly. "There's time to do some shopping before I dress." She had reached the long window to the bedroom before she answered the question she could feel, sharp but unspoken, knifing the silence behind her. "If I see Bill again while he's in Mexico, it will be because you and I are entertaining for him. The way anybody would for a—a friend from home."

She made her unnecessary shopping last as long as it would.

In the later afternoon not so many *cargadores* staggered under giant loads. From every window facing the plaza a smell of tortillas frying slid into step beside her. Against the bone-white walls Indians slept with serapes hugged about them and sombreros tilted down.

Jemima was near the wide steps fronting the cathedral when the thing snapped inside her. The thin taut cord, whatever it was, on which she had balanced her pretense that nothing special had happened.

Suddenly she thrust her purchases into a corner by the stairs. Then she was climbing the steps.

Inside there was darkness and coolness, held together by the dim marble walls like fluid in a cup. She crept along the dim aisle and found a seat. Candles set by the altar rail for soldier sons and lovers plucked at the dimness. A few women, neat and proper in black rebozos, knelt, praying.

It would take a miracle, Jemima thought. It would be like raising the dead, I guess. I haven't really been alive. I'm not really living now. I've been racing around in a vacuum, watching Daw die and letting him cling to me. He buys things to hold me because he doesn't know any other way, and I'm all the security he has left and he feels me slipping. Poor Daw! With that heart he can't bribe to keep on beating.

I've been running away. Back home, people are fighting. People are doing things, useful things. And here am I with Daw and some emeralds and some rich exiles who've never had to lift a hand. I'm just floating in space. No roots. No emotions, even, but boredom.

Mrs. Dawson Moore, without a care in the world! If you haven't a care in the world, you're dead. I'm too young to be dead. But maybe there'll be a miracle. Maybe Bill's my miracle. . . .

"Amen," sighed an old, old lady on the other side of the aisle, rising from stiff knees. Jemima stood up too and slipped from the church.

Outside it was no longer golden. The interminable brightness had been harvested at last, and blue shadows were scribbled across the plaza. She would be late back at the hotel, late with her dressing, late for dinner with the van Hagens. Daw would be furious. . . .

THE low hill hugged the darkness. The house Albert and Trina had leased sprawled on that hump, in gardens spread clear to the gulf's edge. Light gilded every window, reaching out to draw Daw's Isotta to it.

A young native maid admitted them, shocking-pink ribbons plaited into her shiny piled-up braids. They followed her toward the patio and the low-pitched conversation.

The others all had arrived ahead of them. Ugly, jewel-incrusted Señora Molina who dictated the society of the town. The refugee Virauds, too-thin Emilie and too-sallow Pierre, with their permanent martyrdom worn as conspicuously as the señora's rubies. Tall thickset Albert, turning toward them, his wooden face unmarred by any expression. His meek shadow, who was Trina.

Jemima started to make an apology in that breathless voice that always seemed to irritate Daw so excessively. But the words faded. Trina's extra man, accepting a cocktail from the shave-pated butler Hans, had straightened at the sound of footsteps.

"You know people," Trina said. "Except, I think, Herr Bromfield."

Jemima said, "Even Mr. Bromfield. Hello, Bill." She held out her hand. She knew Daw was watching. "You didn't tell me you knew the van Hagens."

"No," he admitted, without pursuing it further. "You look like a wood violet in that dress." He smiled and turned to Emilie.

IT was the spectacle of Bill Bromfield being civilized that undid Jemima. Luckily she could follow Pierre Viraud's conversation without listening; it would play changes on one theme only. *"Toit à cochons!"* summed up this alien world beyond the suburbs of Paris.

Bill, purring flawless Spanish for the señora! Bill, being tender about Emilie's fresh cocktail! A day when one could call Bill Bromfield the hostess' delight was indeed a millennium.

Trina started them all toward the dining room. Once again Jemima felt that odd little throb of excitement as Bill fell into step beside her.

"I can't believe my eyes, Bromfield!" she murmured.

He didn't pretend to misunderstand. "Don't I make a fancy lily of the field?"

Abruptly a mist brightened her lifted eyes. "I know we're lizards. I know we ought to be plowed under. Bill, I've got to talk to you after dinner. Alone. Please!"

It was the longest meal in the history of Mexitaluca. And the dullest. The inevitable European food. The inevitable *guitarristas*, strumming their sentimental Muchacho Alegre and their sad Guadalajara. The Viraud nostalgia, the Molina arrogance, the Dawson Moore irascibility. She knew every thread in the weave.

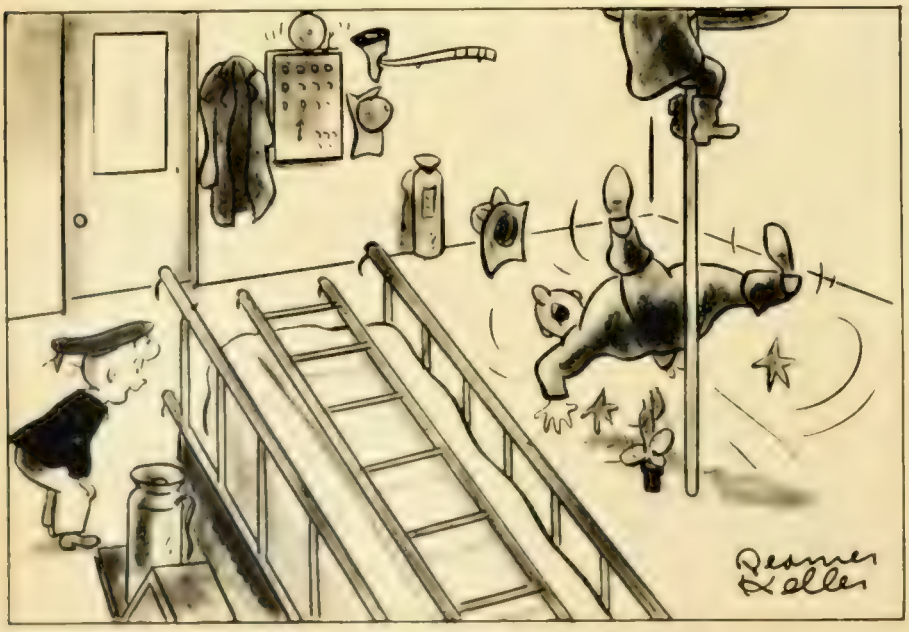
At either end of their table the Van Hagens sat like andirons. Albert had a carved look. Musing upon it, Jemima could not remember ever having heard him laugh. Poor Trina, wearing no jewels to relieve her black gown (with, perhaps, no jewels left now in that frayed case upstairs), seemed as characterless as a bad water color.

Daw was growing bored, as he always did, and it made his spare face sullen. Only Bill remained charming—alert and pleasant, obviously enchanted by every one.

The break for coffee and brandies came in its appointed place. After it, Jemima, watching, saw Bill stroll through the long window overhanging the gardens. When Daw wouldn't notice, she hurried after him.

Stone steps led down from a terrace to the sloping paths. Accustoming her vision to the darkness, Jemima started down.

HARDTACK



"I doubt your husband's going to applaud," Bill murmured dryly, at the sound of her step. "Dawson's looking liverish."

"I'm leaving him, Bill. I'm going home."

For a moment he said nothing. The big lighted house seemed to lengthen the line of him etched against it. He was looking down toward the edge of the water. "Home? Where do you call home, Jem?"

To have to say it for him! "New York, of course."

"But I told you. It isn't there any more. Not the town you remember. A war came and gobbled it up. Why should you want to see it now? Scared again? Scared you're missing a new thrill?"

Jemima's hands clenched. "It's been like a volcano getting ready to rip, Bill, inside me. For months and months. If I can't *do* something—if I can't *accomplish* something—"

"Revolution among the butterflies?" Something oddly gentle in his tone drew the sting from the words.

"Until I saw you again, I didn't quite understand what was bothering me. B-but now—" Her voice broke. "Take me back with you. A plane leaves for Mexico City every midnight. Bill—tonight?"

His head was still turned seaward. "I can remember a time," he said, "when I'd have turned to jelly. You were so beautiful, Jem."

"Bill! I did love you too, really."

"Loved me enough to run like crazy—with the other guy. Here's your heart, Bromfield, what's your hurry?" It still was there, the bitterness.

"I ran away," Jemima said. "I was afraid. Dad had lost so much money, and I'd been brought up to believe that life without the trimmings was somehow—indecent. I—I had to run."

"That's what you're doing now. Escaping again." Not once had he looked at her. "No, thanks, Jem."

SHE had been wanting him to touch her. Abruptly he did. His hard hand closed on her arm and he was drawing her against him. But there was no passion in the contact, only tight awareness. Some one was coming down the path from the house, some one treading softly and fast.

She realized, puzzled by this, that it was Albert. Now he was below them, still hurrying down, and the faint sheen of waves outlined his compactly powerful shoulders.

"Get back to the house, Jemima." Bill whispered it sharply.

Jemima glanced down because his hands had moved and in one of them she saw something. It was small, so small it made no bulge in a pocket. Bill had made it sit up and sing back home. "Your camera!"

"Get back to the house," he urged again. And then he was moving down the path like a stalking cat.

It came over Jemima, looking after him, that she had felt all along he wasn't merely waiting for her near the path. Loneliness gnawed her. She turned slowly and climbed back up the hill and up the stone steps to the terrace. Inside, as she paused by the railing, she could see Daw pacing the lighted drawing room in irritation, and Trina huddled dark and birdlike in a great curved chair. But the gardens seemed empty. Unless—down by the water—

The still night magnified her own

(*Continued on page 51*)

TOUGH..BUT OH SO GENTLE

Keep it Sweet!

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(Continued from page 49)

still heart. It had been too much to hope, a crazy dream. Well, but what Bill wouldn't help her do she still must do for herself. Divorce Daw first. And then stand up. Bill had been right about her never having stood up to anything in her life. But: *"They rivet in factories. . . ."* And: *"Nurses' aides. . . ."*

Reality. Work. He hadn't been fair, thinking she wanted him only to help her run away. But he'd had good reason. If he saw her again, maybe, some day when there was solid ground under her feet?

"At least you can't stop me from loving you, Bromfield!" she whispered. And down in the garden a flare burst into instant livid light and hurtled in a bright arc downward toward the water.

The light widened across the area of gloom lying within the pier. Two figures close together where the pier joined a path had spun around to stare into it wildly. A tiny boat, a dinghy by its look, was tied to the pier's tip. *"Gott im Himmel!"* a startled voice bawled down there, much too loudly.

Then she saw Bill. He was poised on a parapet atop the last drop before the path fell to water level, and he held something in front of him at chest height while his elbows hugged his ribs.

She saw him leap back and start racing up the hill, scrambling to outstrip the illumination from the flare. The man with Albert took hasty aim with a heavy-looking pistol. But Bill kept on running.

Suddenly Jemima, too, was running; following the terrace around the corner of the house. She was there at the front, by the driveway, when Bill sprinted by.

She called his name, clear but low, or he wouldn't have seen her in the gloom. He was headed for the gates, long legs carrying him fast, breath rasping. "Bill!" she cried. "The Isotta! There's a fur robe on the back seat. If you pull it over you—"

HE went on, unanswering, only a sharp port tack indicating he had heard. Jemima didn't dare look after him. Heavy heels were slapping the turf his own had just covered. She flung toward them shrieking, and when the two men loomed before her she was pointing.

"Albert!" she wailed. "S-some prowler —r:nning—*that* way—"

The stranger, the man with the gun, jerked half around as that jabbing finger bade him. Light from the windows showed his face clearly—narrow, weathered, with its skin fitting tight as a glove. But Albert stood square in her path and stared down at her. In his hands he carried a small box, carefully wrapped in chamois. He wasn't wooden any longer. Something had come alive inside him.

"Tonight you told Trina you once knew Herr Bromfield."

It was an accusation. Fear widened through her. Bill? Albert—and this other man? "In New York I—I knew everybody."

"But our dinner guest better than most, perhaps?" Albert's hands looked deadly, cupped on that box. "Well enough to help him, no?"

Jemima's mind told her it was ridiculous to be afraid of Albert, simple, stolid, bankrupt Albert. But somehow this was no decision the mind could make. She was afraid.

"H-help him do what? Why would Bill Bromfield need help?"

"He must have passed very near you," Albert said, not moving. "There is light here from inside."

The other one, the stranger, had turned back impatiently. He snarled something in swift German, jerking his gun, and when Albert glanced toward him perforce, she dared look again at the box. The chamois covering, the size and shape, made it right for what she suddenly was thinking—perhaps only because the van Hagens were so tightly bound to jewel sales in her mind.

Yes, it could be a box of gems. And Albert held it so tenderly.

"His car will not be waiting." Albert spoke less quickly; slowly enough for Jemima to translate. "Hans spied one without light and warned me during dinner. That is why I told you, Kurt, we might expect trouble. The waiting car—Hans will have removed it."

She saw the eyes of the man called Kurt cut toward the open gate and from there begin to climb the dark lawn, like a searchlight following the driveway. She felt weakly certain he could see at night, as a cat or a devil might. And when he reached the parked Isotta—

"Albert!" she heard herself saying. "Albert van Hagen, I know what's in that box. Jewelry from Europe."

It worked as far as the Isotta was concerned. The two men had not actually moved—nor had that gun—yet she had a sensation of being closed in on. The physical awareness of constriction hit home so acutely as their cold eyes converged on her that she all but broke away and ran.

"He talked to you, then?" Albert said. "Bromfield talked?"

"Brom—? Is Bill buying Trina's lovely jewels, too?" Jemima discovered that she was praying they could believe she was as stupid and sulky as she sounded! "And this man, too? Albert, without giving Dawson even a look?"

She saw the hard glance flash between them, and plunged on: "I've half a mind to make him turn back the Napoleon necklace. Really, we've been pretty loyal. If you're selling something new—"

Albert spoke not to her but to his companion. "Mr. Moore is a rich American. A generous friend. Many of Trina's things he has purchased." Then his head turned slowly. "Jemima, my dear, if I had foreseen you would be angry—but with my many reverses—"

SO he believed her! He believed enough to fall in with her protest and pretend, as she'd suggested, that this Kurt was a customer! Most assuredly he was not. And that box in Albert's grasp never had been inside the hacienda, because he hadn't been carrying it when he went down the path. The stranger had brought it to the pier.

If that were true, then none of Trina's costly gewgaws need be van Hagen heirlooms. Their actual origin, in a Europe overrun, weren't hard to guess at. The German, Kurt, was the real jewel vender and Albert only a respectable false-face for the world. Jemima was juggling a hundred staggering new ideas as she pouted up at them.

"I think there's only one fair thing to do. I think you should explain to this man how much Dawson has bought already, and then go straight inside and let him see whatever you plan to part with."

"But—" began the stranger in guttural protest.

"You are right, Jemima." Albert

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nodded unexpectedly. Almost for the first time since she had known him, he was smiling.

"While I am showing this gentleman a bracelet which I have here, Herr Bromfield interferes and I think attempts to rob us. But Hans is waiting to care for him. It is better, as you say, that we go indoors to find your good husband. My friend here will understand."

KURT grunted something and moved as if against his will to follow them inside. Only when the door had thumped behind them did she feel free to breathe again. Albert walked quickly along the corridor to the patio, and from the archway she could hear him speaking Daw's name. With a little gesture to suggest a lady might be in the way while a bracelet was being bought for her, Jemima fell behind. The stranger, his heavy gun having vanished as if by magic, paused lethargically before a vast primitive hung on the corridor wall; stared up at it, his eyes those of a fish long dead.

When she turned silently, he did not turn with her, even while she was racing on tiptoe back the way she had come. It was only when she tugged at the door and it began to open that he swung toward her.

But then it was too late. She was past the terrace, crawling into the Isotta and under the wheel, kicking blindly at the pedals.

The car started moving. Somewhere astern of it a Prussian voice barked furiously, *"Halt! Stop!"*

She remembered her headlights only as she swung the Isotta on shrill tires into the rutted roadway which meandered toward Mexitaluca. She flicked a switch and they pounced alive like things with claws. A gun exploded near the gateposts—Hans, that would be—and something whined past her head in the night.

The road demanded her full attention. Daw's sleek phaeton was no match for the pygmy sierras spring rains had bitten from the packed clay. It slued around under her, and she had to fight it steady.

In the mirror just above eye level a dark face appeared.

Bill flung one long leg over the back of the front seat, slid down beside her.

"If I'd had even a faint idea what you were up to back there—"

"Don't bawl me out," Jemima breathed, "or I'll start weeping and we'll wind up dead in a ditch. They'd have shot you, Bill."

"The idea's still probably spinning around their fat brains. Darn near had their chance, too. There was supposed to have been a flivver *cum* driver with steam up, waiting for me at the gate."

"Only, Hans knew. Odd way to entertain a dinner guest!"

Bill patted the camera still clutched in his brown fingers. "But sort of necessary, Jem, if Albert wants to keep on giving dinners."

She hadn't diminished their speed. Her hair spread on the wind, streaking off her face. "Where do you want to go, Bill?"

"Could we make that midnight plane you mentioned? I've had a reservation on it for the past three days."

"We can make it with minutes to spare." Jemima scowled faintly. "But if Albert and his friend take another car and follow us—"

"Up that next side road there's a farm cart all set to lumber out and break an axle the minute we're clear."

"THEY'RE Nazis, aren't they?" she sighed. "All of them?"

Far ahead, the tidy lights of town raced nearer.

"Nazis," Bill nodded. "Our friends across the water know they're losing their fight. But there's still big delaying damage they can do in the Americas —with financing. That's where van Hagen comes in, with his brisk heirloom market hereabouts. They've been filling that jewel case of his wife's with loot from all over Fortress Europa."

Somehow she'd always known it.

"The lad with the dinghy and gun is a Captain Kurt Hauser. He ferries the stuff over by baby sub to some spot between Tlacotalpan and Puerto Mexico —then totes it across the isthmus and delivers it to van Hagen. Well, about the only way Uncle Sam could convince the nabobs down here that steps better be taken *in re* Albert was to nail him and Hauser in the act. Hauser's known to them. But his fence made like too convincing an innocent refugee."

"That's why you came to Mexico?"

"I've been doing odd camera jobs for the government since war started."

Jemima cut down the Isotta's maniac velocity only at the rim of town. Just beyond the thinning-out of houses on the far edge of the village the new wire fences of the airport slid athwart her headlights.

Bill turned in his seat. "You just did a job, Jemima Stanton."

"I was scared when that butler shot after us," she admitted. "The rest was nothing. I—I like to drive fast at night."

"We can leave your car here," Bill said, and his voice wasn't quite the way it had been all day since their meeting in the cocktail patio. It was rougher and less civilized, yet gentler too. "If the plane's crowded, I can flash my credentials around."

She let the Isotta roll on until it stopped a few feet short of an open gate. The midnight flight was warming up already and dark shapes moved in the yellow puddles outside the waiting-room windows.

Bill still sat with legs thrust ahead of him, watching her.

"Job's done, Jem, once I turn over this film tomorrow. Reno first? But as soon as you're Mrs. Bill Bromfield comes New York. We'll light up the town together if I have to start pitching flares again. First I'll buy up all the milk in the Fifties, and then—"

Looking up at him and yearning to touch the eagerness on his face and not daring to move, she said, "Some day maybe."

"But, Jem— But, darling—"

"I was going. I was running away from what I didn't want to face, in fine Jemima style." She shook her head. "But then I thought about Daw finding the car. He's sick, Bill. He's dying. He loves me."

"I love you, too. Remember me?"

Jemima said in that breathless rustly voice, "I've never wanted anything so much in all my life as I want to get into that plane."

Bill leaned toward her briefly, a hunger in his dark eyes. Then a slow understanding, too. "You'll be coming along—later?"

"If it works out that way. If there's a time, soon, when I can come. I love you, Bill. You're the only person I've ever loved."

SHE heard him walk quickly away across the gravel before she switched on the Isotta's motor. She had circled it around and was guiding it back through the plaza of Mexitaluca before the night plane roared above her and veered to the north. Tiny red and green lights scraped the stars and diminished and were gone.

But her hands on the wheel refused to tremble. She couldn't remember ever having felt so sure of herself before, or so quietly at peace with the future. Here was the Cathedral of the Miracle, a spired shadow gliding toward her, and inside, where she had knelt, the afternoon candles for soldiers would be burned low.

She remembered she had asked then for another miracle. And here it was. Not Bill's arms, but something just as wonderful. Something that bound her to him more closely than if he were kissing her. Something that was as real as love. She had a job to do! She, Jemima, had a job to do!

"I'm coming, Daw," she said half aloud, as if to reassure a fretting child, as the Isotta began to climb the first hills toward the hotel on the cliff.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

ATTENSHUN: Ignoring the command.

EMBRIDERY: Needlework for a trousseau.

HADMIRAL: A naval officer's grass widow.

SNIPSHOT: Photo of a brat.

PARTIAL POST: For mailing half a package.

BUYGONE DAZE: The old times when butter was ten cents a pound.

DONEKEY: A dead burro.

DUNTIST: The tooth-puller who's always hounding you for money.

CLANVAS: Cloth for a Scotch tent.

OAKARINA: Sweet potato made from an acorn.

THE SKIMMING DISH FROM HELL

Continued from Page 19

they "set up frames," for PTs are born upside down. Men and women swarm over these topsy-turvy hulls, inside and out, and you can literally see them progress. Through the crescendo whine of saws and shapers there is a constant buzzing overtone from scores of electrically driven screwdrivers, and a clattering obbligato from hundreds of hammers in the hands of girls and women. Nobody knows just how many of the specially prepared copper nails these feminine nail-pounders drive into each ship, but it's close to a million per hull—and there are few, if any, smashed fingers.

Once the mahogany sheathing and the keel are in place on the frame, giant cranes pick up the hull, roll it over, and set it right side up in its "cradle"—a large roller-equipped metal frame with arms shaped to fit snugly about it. Through its entire period of growth the hull is cradle-borne. When the ship is ready to be launched, tested, and turned over to the Navy for acceptance, hull and cradle part company for a brief period. Then a new squadron, personnel as well as boats, shoves off to war, and they are reunited. The little skimming dish from hell rides in her cradle on the deck of a transport ship to her destination.

To the assembly line are brought prefabricated parts of PTs. There are the long strips of plywood that form the decks. There are the bridge, the gun mounts, the superstructure over the crew's day room, the engineroom hatchway, the interior finishings for the galley, the fo'c'sle, the officers' quarters, the navigator's chartroom, and other compartments—all fitted and finished by craftsmen who rank as skilled cabinetmakers.

AT last the body of the PT rolls on her cradle out of the high doors at the end of the assembly line and on to the next building. There she will receive her great heart, composed of three 12-cylinder Packard engines. It is a heart that develops 4,000 horsepower to drive her lithe frame through the seas at incredible speeds.

How many PTs? That's something the Germans—and the Japs especially—would like to know. The 1942 War Edition of The Ships and Aircraft of the United States Fleet, under the general heading of Patrol Craft, Motor Torpedo Boats (PT), states: "Hundreds of the 77-footers [they are now 80 feet] have been ordered for the United Nations' Fleets." And these are coming not only from Elco's line but also from the Higgins Industries.

In two years of actual wartime experience the PTs have graduated from lowly jobs as taxi boats and message carriers to far more exalted and dangerous positions. As to disruption and destruction of enemy naval task forces, the primary function of PTs, it would only be necessary to ask the Nipponese Navy officials why they have frequently found it impossible to reinforce their troops or land much needed supplies. Prowling along the dark shores of the Solomons and New Guinea in the black of night, PT skippers and their crews seemed almost to smell out the incoming Jap forces. What they did to them has been ably told elsewhere. Their service as offensive torpedo boats against enemy naval forces is likewise well known.

In the early South Pacific days distances between supply depots and the "front" were great. Regular supply ships and Army barges were not plentiful, and were too slow to make the trips under the protecting cover of darkness. Not so the PTs. They brought in everything imaginable, evacuated wounded, and maintained a daily or nightly Jap-blasting schedule of their own.

Motor torpedo boats covered landing parties, adding their fire to that of the bigger ships. They won chevrons for service in commando raids. They acted as prison ships for captured Japanese and took a leading role in suicidal feints during landing operations. They laid mines, did escort duty, and, strangely enough, Elco-built PTs under English crews evacuated the British General Staff from Tobruk much as Commander Bulkeley got General MacArthur out of the Philippines. Up in the Aleutians, in the Mediterranean, in the English Channel, wherever aviators scout and fight, PTs are credited with saving the lives of many a fallen flyer.

A PT is an extremely personalized craft. Of its crew of nine specialists and two officers, every man is a part of his ship and the PT becomes a part of him. Because there are so many things to do in the course of varying types of tactics, every man aboard must know his own business from A to Z and, for emergencies, the business of each of his specialist shipmates.

Men over thirty-five are not wanted in PT service. The preference is for those under thirty, and the average age is twenty-four to twenty-five, but lack of years must be compensated for by mental and physical strength and stamina.

A PT man must be supremely audacious and daring—and that doesn't mean foolhardy. Above all else, however, he *must* understand what teamwork means, and he *must* be able both to subordinate and co-ordinate himself to the welfare of his crewmates and officers. That PT men *are* that way is no secret to any one, least of all to the Japs.

As for the "glamour" of this branch of the United States Navy, there is none. The men who come back from the Solomons or war sectors tersely sum up their existence in the words: "It's either high hell or extreme boredom."

THEY won't talk much at first, those fellows who have been on patrol night after nerve-racking night. There's a hair-trigger action to the turn of their heads, a nervousness as they smoke cigarettes, a tight-lipped dislike of any one who tries to make them talk, and a strong antipathy toward people who want to make heroes of just ordinary guys who merely did their duty.

Brusquely, but with bald-faced, unadulterated truth, Lieutenant Commander T. R. Stansbury, senior instructor at Melville, has summed up the whole broad business with: "There are only two kinds of PT men—the quick and the dead. If they're not quick enough, they're dead." And, by the same token, he could have been talking about the skimming dishes themselves. "If they're not quick enough . . ." But habitually they are—both men and ships.

THE END

Advertisement

"Oh, boy! Wheaties!"

This appears to be a slightly unorthodox maneuver. But a guy can't go wrong when he's headed for a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Good whole grain nourishment, and swell "second helping" flavor—in Wheaties.

DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER

Continued from page 25

blind spot. The landing signal officer has to be his other pair of eyes.

Also, with the planes of three squadrons circling the carrier for their landings, somebody has to direct the timing between planes and to see to it that the flight deck doesn't become a mess of tangled-up propellers.

A flight deck, though massive, is nevertheless limited in space where the planes must make their landings. This space aft, with its arresting gear and barriers, is less than half the deck's length. To overshoot it would mean to crash into the planes already aboard which have been brought forward beyond the barriers.

The planes, on their approach "in the groove," come in at a speed of about seventy or eighty knots. Coupled with this, the ideal head-on wind for landing or launching planes is between thirty and forty knots, the speed of the carrier into the wind making some of it. So, when a landing signal officer is standing out there with his colored paddles and a plane is approaching, he has to keep a lot of things in mind. He has to keep the wind in mind, as mentioned, and he also has to keep in mind the condition of the flight deck on his side of the barriers.

But with his eyes concentrated on the incoming plane, and with the pilot of the plane concentrating on the signal flags, it could all become quite a jumbled-up affair if the signal officer took time off to gaze at the condition of the deck behind him. He does, then, have his assistants, and one of them, an enlisted man, is the "talker."

The "talker," with earphones and a mouthpiece, squats just over the edge of the flight deck so that his eyes are level with it, and he keeps watching what is occurring to the plane which has just landed.

If there is difficulty in getting the plane released from the arresting gear, or in getting it taxied up forward beyond the barriers, the talker's conversation to the signal officer consists of the repetition: "Foul—foul—foul—foul—" And then possibly a "clear."

AT such points as this a signal officer has to make split-second decisions. He is as anxious as anybody in the ship to get all the planes aboard as soon as possible. He doesn't want to give the next incoming pilot the good old "wave-off" any more than the incoming pilot wants to receive it. But if, at that critical moment of timing between speed and distance, the talker is still saying "foul," then aloft go the signal officer's flags in crisscross waving fashion. The pilot, in that same split second too, must push on more power and zoom away.

Though pilots are obliged to take a wave-off whether they like it or not unless something devilish is the matter with their plane, they are not obliged to land even after the signal officer signals the "cut" to do so.

The signal "cut" means, of course, to cut the motor and let the wheels touch. The signal is indicated by a quick cross-whip of the flags down low. It's then up to the pilot to do the rest. The signal officer is through with him, and now looks for the next incoming plane.

Competent landing signal officers cannot just be picked up for the asking. Months and even years of training have gone into what they do. Their fame, though not known to the public, is certainly known from carrier to carrier in this Pacific. A true top-notcher is one who knows the personal characteristics of the individual flyers aboard, and in those cases of emergency where planes have to be brought aboard regardless, and brought aboard fast, his artistry really pays dividends.

He knows in a second what allowances to make for one flyer, and what not to allow for another. Some can get by with something which might cause others to hit the deck too hard. When a plane has signaled the instant need of an emergency landing regardless of anybody or anything, but preferably a landing on deck, all depends on the signal officer's ability. Or when they come in with their big bomb loads still stuck to the plane and unreleasable. Or when they come in with their landing gear shot away. Or when they come in wounded and barely able to make it. These are the moments when a true top-notcher, working his most delicate best with the pilot, is surely an artist supreme.

ON the final Sunday before D-Day the church services were attended as rapidly as they could be organized here and there over the carrier.

The phrase "here and there" is not in this case a bromide. The work throughout this great ship automatically gains momentum as the hour approaches for battle. Besides, Sunday happened to be refueling day for the escorting destroyers. One by one, our share of these destroyers came alongside, the fuel hoses were swung to them, the smoking lamp was doused, and the pumping began, both vessels continuing under way.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

When gas rationing went into effect, a Southern landowner hoarded ten gallons of the precious liquid. He ordered his Negro hired hand to bury the gas for safekeeping. Soon the darky returned, saying, "Boss, I done buried de gas like you told me. Now what'll I do wid de can?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The hangar deck was filled with planes undergoing their final testing and there was not much room for the services. So many services were held throughout the day. Men working during one service could catch another one later.

This carrier has a Protestant chaplain and a Catholic chaplain. Also, there are Jewish services. But during any of these services the ocean slides by quite the same as ever it did, the gun watches stay by their guns, the gigantic elevators continue lifting planes up and down from the flight deck, and we continue lessening the distance between our bow and the enemy.

A CHANGE came in the flyers' staterooms. The change was not intended, but it was there. Their own daily routine continued much as usual. They carried out their patrols and their tactical practices. During those hours when the flight deck happened to be cleared enough for it they also got in their workouts playing volleyball.

If the afternoon happens to be one without much wind, the volleyball net is rigged on temporary stanchions on the forward flight deck. But if there is too much wind up there for a light volleyball, the forward elevator will be lowered to the hangar deck, making a perfect pit, and the net will be stretched across the elevator down there.

All games stop on the flight deck and in the hangar pit with the call from the bridge: "Prepare for landings!" Or "Prepare to launch planes!" And then it's back to work again. The nets come down. The temporary stanchions come down and the forward elevator begins its low moaning whistle.

The whistle indicates that the elevator, almost a small deck in itself, is being brought up and to stand clear of it. The war has been resumed.

But during the night, now, in the staterooms the coming event begins to show itself among the flyers, especially among the newer replacements aboard, for whom this will be their first combat.

The flyers in their shorts sit around telling jokes as usual. But periodically there comes a hush. And the next one to speak may fringe ever so slightly onto the topic about which all of them are thinking.

THE opening may start them off. They have questions to be asked of the veterans. And they know, by the simple law of combat mathematics, that some of them are not going to be aboard again after the thing is over.

"Say, what the hell does one do about his clothes? Does he have them mailed back home or what?"

"Not for me. I wouldn't have them mailed back home. Just leave them here and you bums use them."

"Damned if there's anything of yours that'll fit me. Well, maybe your blue underpants. How many of those you got?"

"But, seriously—"

"Well, I wouldn't have them sent home. Who the hell's going to wear them there? My wife?"

"There's where all you guys are crazy. Every damn one of you. Sure, have all the stuff sent back and let them do there what they want to with them. How the hell do you know whether they want 'em or not?"

"O. K., O. K. But you don't have to make an oration about it. But say, I got another idea." He indicates the decorations on the wall. "Look at all those naked pictures of Slim's. Well, who of us gets those?"

"I do."

"Like hell you do," Slim answers. "Them go to my mother."

By this time others will have entered the stateroom and some will have left it to get some sleep.

"Well, I'll be damned if here isn't Louie the Kid. Say, Louie, we were just talking about you. You still got that phonograph?"

"Yep. Why?"

"And you still got those records?"

"Most of them, I suppose. Why?"

"Well, it's this way, Louie. We'll be looking for another roommate after this thing's over. How'd you like to move in?"

"Which bunk can I have?"

"It'll be that upper one there where Tommy's sitting."

Tommy: "Like hell it will. Not unless some of Louie's own fighters, the clumsy bums, shoot us down in the dark. Say, Louie, why don't you tell your guys we're friends of theirs? They might not know it yet."

"The same for you, sweethearts. But what I came in for was to know if you had any writing paper. Got any? Mine seems to be all swiped."

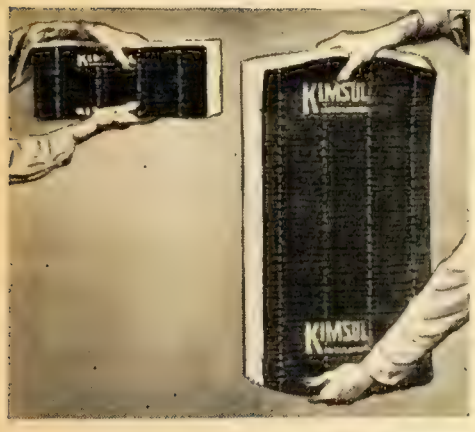
"Sure. There's some right there in

(*Continued on page 56*)

I've been trying to get Jim to insulate the attic for months

Tell him about KIMSUL*... installing it is no job at all!

Here's why it's so easy to install KIMSUL yourself



Light and Compact—Like a closed accordion, KIMSUL comes to you compact and convenient—compressed to 1/5th its installed length. That means 1/5th the bulk, 1/5th the number of rolls needed to insulate your attic. Add to this the advantage of light weight . . . and KIMSUL saves you as many as 32 tiring trips to the attic.

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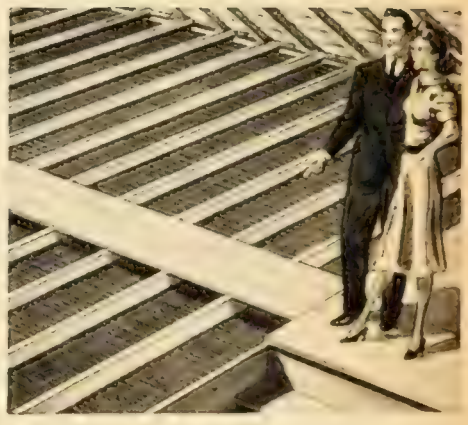

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Remarkably Efficient—The insulating efficiency of Double-Thick KIMSUL is equal to 6 inches of wood; 37 inches of brickwork; or 89 inches of concrete.

Fire-Resistant—There is *no* insulation known that will make your home fireproof. But the insulation must not add to the fire hazard of a wood frame structure. KIMSUL meets this requirement because it is chemically treated to resist fire.

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Stays Put—Once installed, KIMSUL does not sag, sift or settle.

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Building Insulation Division, Neenah, Wis.
Please rush new Free Booklet with full information about easy-to-install KIMSUL insulation.
We now live in: ☐ Our Own Home ☐ Rented House ☐ Apartment

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(Continued from page 54)

the desk. Help yourself. But not too much, now. Write on both sides of it. Which reminds me, I got a letter or two to write myself."

Before midnight somebody most likely will enter the stateroom either demanding food or bringing some with him. If he brings it, it most likely will consist of a couple of cans of sardines and some crackers.

"Now, don't everybody shout at once. Where's the can opener?"

"Damned if I know. Somebody took it out of this room a week ago. Bet it was you, Louie. But here's my knife."

NOBODY aboard wants to shoot down an Allied plane merely because he has not seen the type before. Even more, perhaps, nobody wants to be shot down by a plane he mistakes for "one of ours."

Classes on recognition are conducted with much speed. The flash of a plane's silhouette is shown on the screen or shown from a card, and from this flash we record the plane's nationality and type. The same idea holds for warships, both enemy ones and friendly ones.

Now, as we approach our objective, the classes are extended to include whatever information has been obtainable about the target itself. This material includes photographs, intimate charts, and also the latest dope (some of it pretty new) about the region.

During an attack, each squadron's Intelligence officer interviews its flyers after they return. He must try to get the stuff down in intelligible shape before they go out again on another wave for the same place. This is to avoid wasting time or ammunition on some spot which already has been destroyed.

A squadron returning back aboard from the morning's first attack is never, of course, what could be called tranquil. The flyers buzz and chatter and whoop around their readyroom. Each wants to tell his own experiences to others who are too engrossed in telling theirs. This is where the Intelligence officer takes a hand. He most likely will use an adjoining anteroom for the interviews, and also a yeoman to take shorthand. One by one the flyers are summoned into the anteroom. "Now just what was it, Mike, you saw and did and hit, and where was it you got shot at the most?"

With a chart of the full target before him, the flyer then tells his part of the story as well as he can remember it. He even may indicate where the chart itself needs changing. He tells if and where he confronted any enemy vessels. He tells also, if he saw it, where any of his flying mates were last seen going down.

After the first flyer's story is completed the Intelligence officer calls "Next!" Meanwhile the planes of the squadron are being refueled and flyers are grabbing coffee and sandwiches.

By getting all individual versions chronicled this way, a fairly good overall picture results. When everything is ready for the squadron to take off again on the next wave, the tactics are ordered accordingly.

Another excerpt from Daybreak for Our Carrier, soon to be published in book form by Whittlesey House, will appear in Liberty next week. The Navy Office of Public Relations, through the Council on Books in Wartime, has made this material available. All royalties resulting from its sales are directed to Navy welfare agencies.

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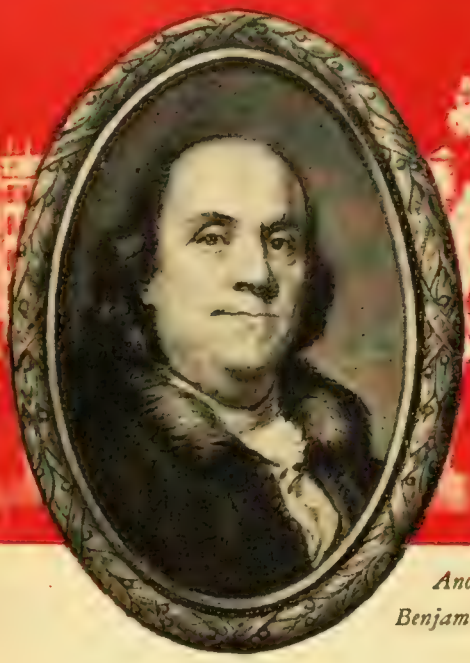
are the Better wines



Another Famous Ambassador—
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AMBASSADOR WINES are the Better Wines. Why? The vintners who make it have been making fine wines for a long, long time—and they have vineyards in all the great wine districts of California.

So, they make each variety of wine from the grapes best suited to develop bouquet and traditional character.

These skilled old timers always have millions of gallons of wine, and they select only the best of all these gallons to send to you, under their Ambassador label. That is why Ambassador Wines have come to be accepted everywhere as the Better Wines.

Buy War Bonds now to enjoy fine things in future.

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San Francisco

PIN-UP MAMA

Continued from Page 30

studio tries to discourage the latter requests, hence the charges. However, Betty pays for and sends out lots of 8×10s, especially where the recipient has a large bare spot on a damp foxhole wall to cover. Mama Grable and a couple of assistants handle this end of things.

Ever since Betty married Harry James, the jitterbug dream man, last summer, she has been deluged with threatening letters from the boys overseas. "Tell that guy he'd better appreciate you," they advise her, "the way we do out here, or we'll get him with a tank when we get back."

The recent news of the birth of Victoria Elizabeth James has done nothing to diminish G. I. loyalty to Betty, either. For some unknown reason the baby has brought out the mother in the hairy warrior chest. Along with pin-up requests, Betty was swamped with midwifely advice and with presents. She's been deluged with gold lockets worn by the donors when they were pin-up boys themselves. Soldiers have gotten their mothers to send gifts of the blue-bootee order. Hundreds of records to soothe young Vicki, from home-recorded lullaby to jump boogie-woogie, have poured in.

UP to the time she became *enceinte* Miss Grable did her share of morale-manufacturing in the flesh. She practically danced her lovely legs off at the various canteens and broke a few Eleanor Roosevelt records for camp travel. Often she danced all night, showered, and showed up ready for work at the studio.

At one camp, ten empty rows faced her in front of the theater. Behind them sat the ordinary troops. "They're for the officers and their wives," a sergeant explained.

"I won't sing to empty rows," said Betty. She stepped off the stage, waved the soldiers standing in the rear to fill those seats, then went outside and sent more into the theater. Since there was still a long line of men waiting to get in, she decided to relieve their tedium by singing to them in a sort of preview of the show. Then she went back into the theater and did the show. Officers and their wives stood up that night—but there was no criticism of Betty.

Another time, on her way to a camp show, a sentry stopped her. "You're Betty Grable, aren't you?" he said. "I guess I don't get to hear you. I ain't relieved till you're finished."

"Oh, yes, you do," said Betty. And to his amazement and delight she went into the song-dance-and-patter act she had cooked up for the camp—without accompaniment.

She has also had direct military influence on the boys. Out at the Independence, California, infantry school, Sergeant G. Crane was having trouble teaching the lads the fundamentals of rifle drill. One day the sergeant pinned up on a bulletin board a series of photographs taken from a picture magazine. They showed Betty performing the Manual of Arms in her usual brief uniform.

"Look, you stupid so-and-sos," the sergeant would yell whenever some lad hit himself in the nose with his rifle. "If that dame can do it right, why can't you? Do we have to get her to fight the war?" I am told this had the desired effect; the men improved promptly.

THIS FRAGILE THING CALLED *Love*

A revealing story of an unhappy wife . . . probably not as wise as you . . . nevertheless you may ask yourself, "Could I be Ellen?"

THEY had started marriage with such high hopes . . . pretty Ellen and her handsome Don! They had known that love is as fragile as it is precious. They had promised that even the slightest misunderstanding would be frankly talked over and cleared up. And they had kept that promise until now!

But now, here was Ellen, in misery and despair . . . Here was Don, aloof and silent . . . Something she couldn't even understand had come between . . . Something Don stubbornly refused to discuss . . .

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. *(See free book offer below.)*

YOU SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, *the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life.* Second, *the most serious deodorization problem any woman has* . . . one which you may not suspect. And what to use is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

USED IN THE DOUCHE (as well as for a simple every-day routine of external protection), Zonite is both antiseptic and deodorant. Zonite deodorizes, not by just masking, but by actually *destroying* odors. Leaves no lasting odor of its own.

Zonite also kills immediately all germs and bacteria on contact. Yet contains no poisons or acids. No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide is more powerful, yet so safe. Your druggist has Zonite.

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This new, frankly-written book reveals up-to-date findings about an intimate problem every woman should understand. Sent in plain envelope. Mail coupon to Dept. 942-B, Zonite Products Corporation, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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The Army has expressed its gratitude in its own way. One day at a PX Betty squealed, "Look! Real chewing gum!" and spoke of the current civilian shortage of jaw waggle. The entire camp, to a man, came through with a package apiece; and since then tons of the stuff have kept rolling in. The same thing is happening about the diaper shortage. Mrs. Private O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady are buying and sewing up all sorts of cloth so that young Victoria James will not be exposed in the end to the cruel cold winds.

ON the home front Betty's emotions are geared to the lower-income tax group, too. Despite her agile mind and shallow if substantial wit, she is not a bookworm. Her tastes in literature run to Dick Tracy and Li'l Abner. A confirmed crossword fan, I regret that I cannot number her among my addicts. She obviously has too much good common sense. On the athletic side she is given to gin rummy and bridge (taught her by George Raft).

A hearty eater, she prefers maw's food cooked at home to eating out. She has been known to lead her men to a soda fountain rather than to a fancy gourmet layout. As for dieting, she laughs at it. "Hey, fellers," she has cried at a canteen, "toss me another doughnut—I'm on a diet!"

Her language, while not in the smoky style of some loose-lipped glamour gals, is decorated with a few damns and variations. One of her peculiarities is a self-invented Ubangi double talk. If you should please Betty a lot, she'd say you were "Fonge-donge!"—with a soft *g*. Anything inanimate that pleases her is "krill-dill!" On the other hand, if she doesn't like something, a simple "It stinks!" suffices.

She is fond of discussing herself before friends. "I'm no singer and I can't dance. As for acting—bro-ther! But boy, oh, boy, my figure! That's talent!" While she may not be a favorite of the intellectuals, she dances, sings, and acts like the talented kid next door who wanted to get in the movies. In Technicolor, with cheerful music and the Grable externals, and hardworking uninspired charm and energy, her pictures have made more comparatively for her studio than those of any other star in history. Coney Island cost a million and a quarter, and will net over $2,000,000. She realizes that the practice of stripping to shorts and bras several times a picture helps at the box office. "It's not art," she sums up, "but who's kicking?"

She's never been hard up, but she knows the value of a dollar. Aside from clothes, she doesn't throw her money around. Naturally, she'd rather wear sweater and slacks than a *cheap* fur coat; a real diamond or ruby than a gaudy phony bauble. Yet she uses an inexpensive barber water favored by stenogs and Lockheed gals. She won't hire a secretary, does her own investing, bill paying, and bond buying. She struggles along at $2,500 a week on a seven-year optionless contract.

They like her at her studio because she doesn't put on an act like a lot of her Hollywood sisters. When she works, the help likes to drop in to watch and listen for the wisecracks. No one's ever seen her throw a tantrum when things go wrong and she has never had a personal maid in her life. First on the set mornings before they start, she's always on hand, never wearies no matter how often she has to retake a dull shot.

Until her baby came, she lived a most public life—even pouted, was defiant, and made love in public. She has never gone Hollywood. She explains it this way: "I can't go Hollywood because I am Hollywood."

BORN Elizabeth Ruth Grable, on December 18, 1916, to Conn Grable, a successful St. Louis stockbroker, and Lillian Grable, Betty evidently came into the world pointed toward Hollywood. At four she was hoofing and lisping popular songs with visiting vaudevillians. At thirteen she was in Hollywood trying to crash the studios. At the ripe old age of fourteen, by falsifying her age, she was dancing in Fox musicals. After a year Fox kicked her out and Hollywood began kicking her around.

For two years she alternated between posing for bathing-suit cheesecake and playing the perennial co-ed sweatered freshman at dear old Paramount U. College life palling, she abandoned the joys of the mind and went on the road in personal-appearance shows. One day Darryl Zanuck saw an AP shot of her in a newspaper, and immediately had her hired. He had forgotten he once owned her. Hollywood, too, had forgotten her.

Committed to a part in Cole Porter's Du Barry Was a Lady, she first proceeded to Broadway and knocked 'em dead. One day in 1939 the call came through from Hollywood to come back immediately. Alice Faye had taken sick and a billion-dollar superdooper musical needed a leading lady. On her second coming to Hollywood, as she stepped off the train Grable remarked sardonically: "This time I either wind up the corpse in Charlie Chan, the photo in Mr. Moto Takes a Photo—or I make good."

This prophecy didn't come true all at once. At first the studio didn't think the Grable legs strong enough to carry a superbudget musical. Only with the gathering storms of war did those legs and that brassy naturalness begin to emerge clearly and imprint themselves upon the world morale. When Springtime in the Rockies, a technicolorful musical lollipop, made a mintful, she was in.

She has had a bumpy romantic life between shots. Somewhere during her youth she married Jackie Coogan, one-time Hollywood child wonder actor. He'd given her a job when she was hard up. There were marital and domestic difficulties, culminating in Jackie's trouble with his mother over money. Always the one-man gal, Betty tried to save the marriage, stuck it out for three years when it should have lasted three months. To the last she defended her husband, slashed up by

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Back the Attack! . . . Buy More War Bonds!

the Hollywood gossips and bigmouths. "Hollywood could never forgive Jackie for growing up," she said.

For a couple of years she was seen shaking a classic heel in public with George Raft, the gentleman gangster and rumba fiend. Raft had given her a bit in one of his pictures a few years before and she had never forgotten it. Then, on the Springtime Rocky set, she ran into her old trumpet pal Harry James. This time Harry's trumpet really sent her and she yelled "Yes!" over the long-distance phone one day last year when Harry called up from New York.

On July 4, 1943, they met at the Last Frontier Hotel at Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married at 4 A. M. by a sleepy preacher. It was strictly a hep merger, a wedding of jitterbug souls. Boogie-woogie and long talks into the night about name bands and hot and sweet had welded them. The next morning, after a wedding breakfast at a soda fountain, each was back at work.

A few months later, just as she was finishing Pin-Up Girl, Betty walked in on a big Zanuck conference. "Your pin-up girl," she announced blandly, "is about to be a pin-up mama."

In the thunderous silence that followed, Zanuck could be heard to stutter incoherently what sounded like "Congratulations!" Actually his heart had sunk into his pocket. Studio designs for more Grable millions would have to be postponed till September, when Betty would be back at the studio washing diapers and flashing her pins.

SHE is not nose-diving at the box-office meanwhile. Alice Faye, who has been through this mother business, came back more popular than ever; and Betty's fans have rallied round her nobly. They expect her legs to be stronger than ever. She doesn't see it quite that way. When success rolled in, she was quoted one day as saying: "Who's kidding who? Not so long ago I couldn't pay a studio to put me in a picture—now they yell for me for thousands a week. I'm still the same girl. But let me tell you one thing. In three years, if the producers want me because of my legs, I'm going to use those legs to walk out of pictures."

Secretly Miss Zippo nurtures the ambition to be a light-comedy queen like Ginger Rogers, who started with exactly the same qualities as Betty—two of them. There is little doubt that she will command her way to this distinction, but there is question if she'll ever forget those legs. For not long ago she was visiting the big Army hospital on Staten Island. She passed from bed to bed, singing songs, doing a dance step, and exchanging badinage.

She stopped by a bed in which a man lay sleeping. He had been badly hit and he opened his eyes hazily. "Who are you?" he asked dully.

"Wake up, big boy," Betty said brightly. "It's your dream girl—Betty Grable."

The soldier said, "I don't believe it."

"Look, buddy," said Betty, "I'll prove it."

Seizing her skirt, she hoisted it deftly till her famous trade-marks stood revealed in their streamline splendor.

The soldier's eyes widened and then he broke into a grin. "Sorry, Miss Grable, I guess I musta been dreaming."

"And that," adds Miss Grable, "is why I am glad I became a pin-up girl instead of a mop handle."

THE END

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"I should think he'd better," Albert said. "I laid out fifty cents for a ticket."

Eb reached in his pocket for a coin. "Here's your four bits. Show me your stub."

"My stub? Why, I threw that away."

"You can't expect me to hand out money unless I see the stubs," Eb said. He turned to the banker. "Mr. Watson, I'm only paying to those with ticket stubs."

"But look here," Albert said. "You sold me the ticket yourself, at the gate."

J. G. grinned in delight and went past Albert to the door. Eb shrugged and tossed the coin. "I remember. Here it is."

Albert's lips pressed together. He glanced indecisively at Missy, then returned to his cage. They heard J. G. talking in a loud mellow voice. "Neighbors, Professor Pyro has asked me to explain that it was a regrettable error at the ball park last night, and that he intends to refund your money in full. Some fireworks—er—failed to arrive, or —er—or something, and he considered it advisable to defer explanations until this morning."

MISSY was gazing steadily at Eb. He dropped into the banker's swivel chair and looked at the pointed toes of his shoes. Missy spoke softly. "How many did you burn?"

Eb raised his eyes to a faded photograph on the wall, showing a tent on flat ground and a sign on the tent: Othello Bank. A man in a derby hat and tight-fitting suit stood in front of the bank, holding the hand of a small girl in a print dress.

Eb got up and walked over to the photograph. "This you and your father?"

"Yes."

"Ornery-looking little brat."

"You didn't answer my question."

"Looks like you growed up ornery, too." Eb grinned at her. "Listen here. People who go to the ball park ought to know enough to hang onto their rain checks."

J. G. opened the door. "Some stubs are waiting, professor. How about the money?"

Eb counted out fifty dollars. "I ought to have some change coming out of that," he said.

J. G. took the money and called out, "Albert, I want you to take care of this."

The cashier's disapproving face appeared at the door. "You mean the *bank* is going to take a hand in this business, J. G.?"

"Albert, a bank serves the community," J. G. said with a solemn air, followed by a quick chuckle. "If this ain't community service, tell me what is."

Eb crossed the room to Missy and said softly, "I can do this town a lot more good than by paying off fifty-cent tickets. Why don't you wait until you hear what I've got to say?"

Missy moved her shoulders in an almost imperceptible shrug, but she did not commit herself. Her father returned and sat down in his swivel chair.

"Well, professor?" he began.

"The name is Eb Peters, Mr. Watson."

"Yes, I remember. Well, Mr. Peters, possibly your story will be believed, as long as you're paying back, but I'm not convinced. What *did* bring you back?"

"I'm an oil man, Mr. Watson," Eb said. "If I wasn't an oil man I'd never have stuck my neck back into this town. Mr. Watson, I'm as sure as day that you got a structure here at Othello and all you got to do is drill a well and tap it."

"What makes you think so?" asked J. G.

"I *know*," Eb said. "Listen. I'm so sure, I can practically smell it. You know what an anticline is?" He went over to the banker's desk, spread a sheet of the bank's letterhead on the blotter and picked up a pencil. "An anticline is a hump in the rock. See, the rock is lifted up like this and the oil flows into the uplift and is pushed there by water, which is heavier, so the oil floats on top. The oil is trapped and can't get out, and if you sink a well into the anticline you'll make an oil well. Now I sure as hell found an anticline."

"Where is it?" J. G. asked.

Eb smiled. "You understand that an anticline don't necessarily show on the surface. The ground above it might be level land, or even a shallow valley. But if you find a structure and it's closed, and if there's oil and you've got a cap over your sand, then all you got to do is drill a well and start cashing royalty checks."

"Plenty of ifs," J. G. said.

"The oil is there, all right. Did you ever take a wash in your spring?"

J. G. glanced up. "Yes. I've thought a lot about that oil in the spring."

"But that ain't all," Eb said. "I found an outcrop dipping east to west against the regional west-east dip of this part of Oklahoma, and it's got a stain." He sucked in a deep breath. "Let me tell you something. You know how they discovered the Glen Pool? A farmer saw a ledge with an oily stain and some pure green oil standing in the cracks. He showed it to an oil man and they drilled the Ida E. Glen, the discovery well."

J. G.'s chair squeaked as he leaned back. "Why do you come to me, young man?"

"Because you're the kind of man ought to be in the oil business. You know the odds. You'll take a chance when the odds are right."

Missy stood up. Her face still was pink, and she was angry with herself for thinking she had influenced Eb. She said, "It's about time to light the Roman candles, isn't it? Don't the fireworks begin now, professor?"

J. G. smiled only for an instant, then he said, "Let him talk, Missy. He may have something."

"It's what *you've* got that he's interested in, pop," she said, and walked quickly out of the office.

Eb went to the window and stood looking out. Then he shrugged his padded shoulders and turned back to J. G. He would make one more try.

"I guess there are some things about me your daughter don't approve of," he said. "I play cards, so she's set me down as a card sharp. I ran out last night, and she thinks I'm a crook. I'm not either one, Mr. Watson. I'm a gambler. So is every oil man. What I gamble for is to make a stake, and that's why I took up pyrotechnics. I needed some cash money."

J. G. lit a cigar. He was listening.

"I'm an oil man from way back," Eb went on. "If you don't believe I know what I'm talking about, you can get a

(*Continued on page 62*)

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(Continued from page 60)
geologist in. He'll send you a bill for a couple of hundred dollars and he won't tell you any different from what I'm telling you. We got a structure and I know where it is. We got source rocks, because you've seen the oil in your spring. We've got reservoir rocks, because the Cherokee formation is down there, and the Cherokee shallow sand would be our horizon."

Eb sat down on the edge of the desk. "Your land is sitting on the corner of that structure."

J. G. smiled. "Then I've got nothing to worry about, have I? I might as well sit back and wait for some other fellow to drill a test, then I'll cash in."

"It's not as simple as that, Mr. Watson. Your land is on the corner, sure, but it could be off structure altogether. You'd be taking a bigger chance that way than if you put up the money and drilled a test."

"SO you really want *me* to drill an oil well? You walk in here under dubious circumstances and expect me to back your hunch with cash money? Nonsense!"

"I'll drill the hole. All I want is a rig and tools. I can get the tools cheap," Eb went on. "The Glen Pool is about played out and I can pick up a set secondhand. I'll do the drilling and hire a man to help me out."

J. G. opened a drawer of his desk and took out a box of cigars, offered it to Eb. "You really believe in this thing," he said quietly.

"You bet I do. Mr. Watson, if you come in with me and carry the drilling costs, I'll throw in my labor and experience and we'll go halvers all down the line."

"Young man, if I wanted to drill a well, I'd go right ahead and drill it without you."

"Oh, no," Eb said. "I took the precaution of getting an option on the land on top of that dome before I came to town this morning. Nothing's going to stop me from drilling that test. I'll scrape up the money somehow. There's oil down there and I know it."

"Yes, I believe you said you could smell it," J. G. said, but there was an undertone in his voice. "How much would you have to lay out?"

"I could do it for four or five thousand dollars, depending on how deep we got to go, and how much casing we have to put into the hole. It's pipe that runs costs up."

"It's a lot of money," J. G. said. "But I'll tell you, Peters, I'm going to give it some thought."

Eb's eyes shone. He started to speak, but J. G. held up one hand. "I'll tell you why. I think you're a scalawag, but I like your spirit. I don't promise anything, but come see me in the morning." There was a dry smile on his face as he inspected Eb. "By the way, how did you happen to know about that oil in my spring?"

"I saw it," Eb said. "I heard tell of it and I drove out there and looked at it." He put on his hat. "I'll be in to see you in the morning, and in the meantime I'll be at the Palace Hotel."

Eb left the bank with hurried steps. He got in his buggy and turned the sorrel back to Tom Pitt's farm to negotiate an oil-and-gas lease.

Tom Pitt had been chopping wood, and he leaned on the haft of his ax, with his foot on the bodock chopping block, listening to Eb. His shrewd gray eyes watched Eb's face as Eb said casually that J. G. Watson had sent him out, and talked of what oil would do for Othello. Why, a man would have more money than he knew what to do with, Eb said. He could sell his mules and get an Avery steam plow and sit on the porch and watch a hired man do the work.

Tom Pitt chuckled and said, "I reckon you can have a lease on my land, but it's going to cost you. I knowed a feller in Okmulgee County got twenty-dollars-an-acre bonus for signing a lease on his farm."

Eb whistled. "Now, say! That was hot territory. That was in the Hamilton-Switch field. Mr. Pitt, this is wildcat country, and we can't pay bonuses like that."

"I see that. All I'm asking is ten dollars."

Eb grinned. He was a trader, too. They agreed at last on a bonus of one dollar an acre, and Eb took out a lease form he had carried for months. It was soiled and frayed but legible. Tom Pitt signed, and his wife signed, and Eb paid over two hundred and forty dollars.

As he was closing the pasture gate after driving through to the road, he saw a girl approaching. She carried a small wooden case with a leather handle. She was slight and quick of movement, and her black hair was lustrous in the sunlight. She stopped on the red clay road beside Eb's buggy. He took off his hat.

"You go to town?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Good. Already I am late."

"Well, hop in," Eb said. She swung into the buggy and sat there at ease, with her case on her lap. He climbed up beside her.

She looked at Eb. Suddenly she laughed. "I know you." She pointed a brown finger. "You are Professor Pyro. So they did not catch you last night."

"I couldn't find my veil this morning."

"Now, say!" Eb flushed. "That was all a mistake. Something happened to my fireworks, and I couldn't put the show on. I refunded the money this morning."

"So?" the girl said. "I did not know it, professor."

"That's the way it was. And my name is Eb Peters. I'm no professor."

She smiled. "I am Anastasia Anapopolis, but everybody call me Stasie."

"Stasie Anapopolis," Eb said. "Greek?"

"Yes, we are Greek." The girl said, "The Athens Café is there, just beyond the Palace Hotel."

Eb turned the mare to the curb in front of a plate-glass window on which "Athens Café, Leonidas Anapopolis, prop.," was elegantly lettered in gold script. The girl jumped out of the buggy. "Thank you, professor."

Eb grinned. "You the cook?"

"Sometimes me, sometimes Pops."

"Then I believe I'll eat." He got out to tether the mare, and Stasie ran on ahead of him into the café.

AS Eb slid to a stool at the counter a voice said, "Still in town, professor?" It was Albert Neville, the bank cashier.

"Sure am," Eb said. "I like this town. Believe I'll hang around."

Stasie returned, tying the strings of a flowered apron behind her. "Professor," she said, "you want to eat? We got good spareribs and kraut."

"Dish me some," Eb said, and watched her lithe stride as she went to the end of the counter and called the order.

"So you're going to stick around?" Albert's smile was thin. "I suppose you've got something in mind."

Stasie put the spareribs in front of Eb; said, "Albert, maybe he don't want to tell his business." She saw Albert's frown and chuckled. "Professor, so long you don't open another restaurant, we don't care what you do."

Albert took out his change purse, his pale face pink. He paid, and Stasie watched him walk away. "Is a funny fella, Albert," she said. "Always wants to know what people do and why they do it. I remember him in school."

"So you grew up in this town?" Eb said.

Her bright dark eyes met his. "I am here since I am ten years old." She put her elbows on the counter and smiled

across at him. "Professor, you are funny fella. You say nothing. You tell nothing. Why is that?"

Eb grinned. "Can you keep a secret?"

She put her hand on one side. "I try. What is this secret?"

"You got to keep it."

"Sure I keep it."

He said softly, "I'm going to drill an oil well."

Her eyes were big. "Here at Othello?"

"Yes."

She considered. "Maybe everybody will be rich. Oil brings lots of money, don't it, professor?"

"We'll all have more money than Carnegie," Eb said. "That is, if we strike it. Anyway, I'm going to be around this town for a while."

Stasie straightened. "Is good," she said. "Is *woonderful*, if you strike oil."

ALBERT NEVILLE drove up the hill to the yellow house, the driving chain of his runabout clanking on the grade. Missy met him at the door. It was so every Thursday night, and it had been so since their school days. Albert, too, had come down with his parents in the Run, and Albert's father had set up a grocery store, and as a boy, Albert had clerked after school.

Perhaps it was keeping tallies that had influenced him. Perhaps it was the fact that bankers wore hard collars and derby hats. At any rate, when opportunity offered in the Othello State Bank he had taken it, and he had done well.

Missy and Albert went into the parlor, which had the plushy air of a candy box. She was excited. She had read in a magazine that a group of women in Brooklyn had printed suffrage slogans on fifty thousand grocer's paper bags and arranged to have them used in stores, carrying the message into thousands of homes.

"Albert, do you suppose your father would do it in his store?"

"Missy, you read too many magazines," Albert said stiffly. "No, I'm sure dad won't do it. He has no use for suffragettes." He gave her a steady look. "What did that fellow want? That professor, I mean."

"Oh," Missy said. "He's a peculiar man, isn't he? Did you ever see any one quite like him before, Albert?"

"Not outside the county jail. He's a fraud."

"Oh, you got your fifty cents back," Missy said lightly.

His face darkened angrily. "I just wish we'd caught him last night. We would have, too, if he'd stayed on the main road. And, say, where were *you* last night?"

"Oh, I was out at the farm. I wish I'd seen it, though."

"Yes, it's the kind of excitement you love." Albert nodded. "You and your father are a pair. You've both got that recklessness in you."

"Don't start preaching, Albert."

"No. But you spoke about that fifty cents just now, as if I didn't have the right to get my money back. I don't care about the fifty cents, but I do care about honor. If a man's word isn't good he's got nothing in this world worth having. It's the same with a bank. I don't know what got into J. G. He can't afford to take chances like that."

"I don't think he's going to do it," Missy said.

"Do what?"

"Drill for oil," Missy said, and bit her lip.

"So that's it!" Albert slapped his palms together. "So it's oil!"

"Albert, it was a slip. I shouldn't have said anything. You worked to get that out of me, didn't you?"

"Drill for oil on that fellow's say-so?" Albert shook his head. "That would be an asinine thing to do. But I wouldn't put it past J. G., I certainly wouldn't. Not after he lent money on a poker hand."

"It was only three hundred dollars, Albert."

"Yes, of the depositors' money. Word of that kind of thing gets around. It doesn't do the bank any good."

"He earned fifteen per cent in fifteen minutes."

"Just the same, you know how farmers are. They don't like anybody to speculate with their money. It's that kind of thing that does a bank harm, and when it comes to gambling for oil . . ."

"It's father's money, not the bank's," Missy said.

"Yes, but the bank's reputation is involved. J. G. is the president. He can't get away from that."

"Albert, you'd better wait until you're at least a vice-president before you get so critical. Let's have some music."

As Missy was winding the phonograph, J. G. came into the parlor.

Albert stood up. "Good evening, J. G."

Missy did not turn the phonograph on. J. G. slapped Albert's shoulder lightly. "Albert, I don't want to hurry you, but I have something to talk over with Missy, if you don't mind."

"Why, sure, J. G. It's past nine o'clock, anyhow. Good night, sir. Good night, Missy."

"Good night, Albert," Missy said, but she turned her gaze only for an instant from her father's face. Albert strode on into the hall, and she said softly, "Have you decided anything?"

"I haven't made up my mind. But, you know, he's persuasive, and he does seem to know a lot about oil."

J. G. sat down in a Morris chair, his small feet close together, his hands clasped in his lap. Missy's lips curved in a gentle smile. She thought that it would be exciting to drill an oil well, that it would be amusing to observe this strange man at close range.

"Missy, you've got a stake in this, too," J. G. was saying. "I thought I'd better consult you."

Missy felt important. She pursed her lips and was about to speak when she saw a slight movement of the portieres. Albert pushed them back and entered.

"Albert, I thought you'd started home," J. G. said impatiently.

"I had, sir." Albert paused, looking at Missy. "But I saw Nicey at the door and we had a little chat."

Missy closed her eyes and heard her father say:

"Well, what about it?"

Albert said quickly, "She told me that professor stayed last night out at your farm."

J. G. said, "So that's how he knew about that spring!"

"Missy was there, too," Albert said.

J. G. looked at Missy, frowned, and said, "What's this, Missy?"

She blushed. "Yes, he did stop at the farm and I let him sleep in the smokehouse. What else could I do?"

Although J. G. Watson turns him down, Eb finds a friend to help him. He has a way with women, this Professor Pyro, as you'll find out in next week's installment.

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NATIONAL SERVICE IN BRITAIN

Continued from page 15

for all of them stopped and women have been directed into industry. Exceptions are made for a few specialized jobs, such as nursing. In 1942 women between twenty and thirty were prevented from getting any work at all except through the Ministry of Labor, unless they had special technical qualifications. Women engaged in agriculture, nursing, midwifery, teaching, and the uniformed services are excepted from this rule. Finally, the Essential Works Orders (which prevent men from leaving their work or being dismissed without consent) have been applied to women as well as men.

This is the machinery that has been set up in Britain. How does it work in practice, and what does it mean to the average man or woman today? Let's suppose Mary Smith had her eighteenth birthday yesterday. First, she will be registered. Maybe it is found that she is working in a dressmaker's shop. She is called up for interview and told that she must leave this job and go into work of national importance. She is given her choice of civil defense, Women's Land Army, nursing, or work in what is called essential industry. If she says she doesn't want to work in any of them, she may be directed into one. But, so far, only 26,000, or three tenths of 1 per cent registered, have had to be directed. All the rest have plumped for a definite form of war work, and we may suppose Mary Smith is one of the crowd.

What happens next? It may be that she is told to go to work in the factory round the corner. If so, she can carry on living at home, and everything will be quite easy. But it may well be that girls of her age are badly needed in some town a hundred miles away. All right, then; Mary Smith must go, just as her brother John Smith has had to go. She will have quarters provided for her, either in a hostel or in billets with some carefully chosen family. She will get leave from time to time to go back home and see her parents. Today thousands of Mary Smiths and tens of thousands of older men and women are being sent off to every part of Britain on work of national importance. This has made the housing problem very difficult. During the war we have stopped all house-building, and people moved to other towns have had to be content with billets or life in a hostel.

THERE are snags in this system, of course. One of the worst is that some of those who interview men and women for jobs are themselves younger and fitter-looking than the people they interview. This causes very bad feeling. Then again, every billet isn't heaven. Some of the billetees may be miserable and homesick, and some of the families who have to provide the billets may find their billetees troublesome. There are endless difficulties in moving people—especially women—from one home to another, but somehow they are being surmounted.

Mothers with children under fourteen are not compelled to go into war work. But many volunteer for part-time work, and everything is done to help them. Nurseries have sprung up all over the country, and women who, before the war, used to say that they had a full-time job looking after their family are now able to put in five or six hours a day in a munitions factory and earn good money while their children are well looked after.

Women today are employed in every possible kind of war work, just as they are in America. One of the most interesting experiments is the Women's Land Army. After four weeks' training the women of the Land Army, who wear uniforms of fawn shirt, breeches, socks, green pull-over, heavy shoes, and red or green armlets, are sent out to work for any farmer who asks for them. Today there are 80,000 of them, doing dairy work, tractor driving, and even forestry and lumber work. Women are also in the Observer Corps. Clad in Air Force blue uniforms, they look after the barrage balloons that guard every big city in Britain. Before the war all the porters at railway stations were men. Today, as likely as not, a woman pushes your luggage about in a truck.

These are just a few of the jobs women are doing today. Almost the only one I've noticed women doing in America, and not in Britain, is driving taxis. We've still got men—generally pretty old men—driving what few taxis we've got, but these are so few you would scarcely notice them in New York.

Suppose Mary Smith gets tired of her job and wants to leave. She must have a cast-iron reason—not just that she is bored and wants a change, but that the work is affecting her health, or that she could be more useful to the war effort elsewhere, or that she is being badly treated by her employer. In this case she may apply to the National Service officer for permission to make the change. The officer must give his decision within a week. If she is dissatisfied with it, she may ask him to submit the matter to the Local Appeal Board. This board consists of one member to represent the employers, one the workers, and one the government. Its decision is final. Mary would apply to it if she were dismissed for serious misconduct. If the board supports her, the firm employing her may be compelled to take her back and pay her salary for the period of her suspension.

If, however, she was disobedient or constantly late or just stayed away from work altogether, she could be punished. Her employer could report her to the Works Committee. This committee—which includes some workers' representatives—has four days in which to settle Mary's case. If nothing happens by then the National Service officer may prosecute Mary, and she may receive any punishment up to two years' imprisonment and a fine of $2,500. Needless to say, the usual punishments are not on this scale. Fines as a rule are only ten or twenty dollars. In February, 1942, the Minister of Labor stated in the House of Commons that during the previous three months, out of 31,000 cases connected with discipline few had led to prosecutions. Fifteen women had been imprisoned; twenty-six employers had been prosecuted; and in some cases, as a result of the hearings, managers of firms had been removed from their jobs. Judged from these figures, the scheme is working remarkably well.

The main reason for its success is that in everything that has been done the workers have been consulted. These rules haven't just been imposed from above by some official whom no one could get at, but have been devised after consultations with workers and employers. The man responsible for the success of the scheme is Ernest Bevin, who was, until he took up this job, head of the biggest trade-union in Britain, the Transport Workers, with a membership far over the million mark. Every worker knows his record. All his life he has fought the workers' case for them. Now that he has to direct them to work on behalf of the government, they feel they have a man who not only will stick up for their rights but knows what their rights are.

IF the job had been given to a big employer there might have been suspicion that he would take the side of the employers and have little sympathy with or understanding of the workers' point of view. The scheme could never have worked as it has. But since 1940 labor has had a half share in the government of Britain. With labor in the government, there is no chance whatever that manpower mobilization will be used by employers as a weapon to beat down wages and lengthen hours. Incidentally, we certainly have long hours now in Britain—hours agreed upon by the workers themselves as necessary for the war effort. Our average week's work before the war was forty-seven hours. Today it is fifty-seven.

Does this mean that employers are making big profits out of the war? If they were, British men and women would not allow themselves to be mobilized to work in private factories. In Britain today we have a 100-percent war profits tax. This means that no firm may make more profit than it was making in peacetime. Of course there are people who manage to get around the regulations somehow. There always will be in any country. But in general firms are not making huge profits unless they made them before the war.

So when Mary Smith and John Jones go to work they do not feel that they are being conscripted by private employers in order to increase their profits and make a good thing out of the war. They may, indeed, feel that it would be much better if they were going to work in a factory run by the government, just as Mary's brother is working in a government army. But they are satisfied that on the whole they are getting a square deal, and that because they and millions like them have allowed themselves to be mobilized in this way Britain has been able to carry on for over four years of war.

Of one thing they are quite certain. This manpower and womanpower mobilization is a strictly wartime measure. No one in Britain enjoys it, any more than he enjoys rationing or the blackout or Home Guard duties or any of the other things we all have to put up with. And, just like these other things, it must disappear after the war. When that time comes, John and Mary are quite determined they will go back to the old system of being free to choose their own jobs and leave them when they want to. But they believe that just because they have been mobilized that time will come much sooner.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Many a man thinks he has an open mind when it is merely vacant.

—Anon.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE COURTSHIP OF MIKE BLANDISH

Continued from Page 17

Almost before I—before Mike knew it, I was startin' to drown. Mike got me out of that; he kept me floating six hours; he got me on a destroyer."

"So Mike did that," Eva said.

"Yes, ma'am. Then another time we had a tough fire in number two compartment. The smoke was bad. We couldn't get to the helmets on account of where the fire was. I seen right away that"—he swallowed—"that I was done for if Mike didn't kinda . . . It was a volunteer job. Mike got damn near killed doin' it."

"He sounds nice," Eva said.

"Will you meet him on the corner?"

"If you'll come too," Eva said.

Her tone was submissive. Big John felt quick relief. He swung her down from the mantel. He wondered why Mike would want to marry something two sizes smaller than a pigeon egg, but if that was what Mike wanted . . .

They went down to the street. Eva held lightly to Big John's arm. Her upturned chin and her misty smile made Big John feel peculiar. He was glad when they reached the corner.

"Hello, honey," said Mike. "Thanks a lot, pal."

"Pay no attention to him, John," said Eva. "This flyweight admiral with the pretty teeth is too insignificant to hit."

Big John wondered if he'd heard right. He couldn't understand how a girl—any girl—could talk that way to Mike. Eva sounded colder than the icy wind that swirled around the corner.

"Up anchor, sailor," she told Mike. "Get the breeze under your pants!"

She turned away, steering Big John along with her. He tried to make a feebly reassuring gesture to Mike with his free arm. Mike's face worried him. Mike looked as pale as that time off Guantánamo when he had dived overboard in a big hurry to give Big John a hand—the time Big John had gone in swimming and somebody saw a shark.

"DO you like beer in refined surroundings?" said Eva. "I know a lovely place with cute little booths and no riffraff or corner loafers."

The booths had high backs and brown imitation leather cushions. "Two beers for my friend and one for me," Eva said. Big John was glad she had ordered double for him when he saw the size of the refined six-ounce shells. He drained them and ordered two more. He had a guilty feeling that Mike was waiting outside in the cold wind. Suddenly he remembered something more pleasant. He got up, peered hopefully into the other booths. He didn't find what he was after.

"What's the matter?" asked Eva.

"I was looking for a lowdown marine. He ain't here."

"He wouldn't have a long nose and a scar across one eyebrow—or would he?" said Eva.

Big John breathed deeply until the back of his pea jacket tightened like a bass drum. "You noticed him around?"

"No. But I can guess why you want to see him." She laid her warm little hand on Big John's. "I think you're awful cute."

"Lemme tell you about Mike."

He told Eva about the many lucky girls Mike could have had in legal marriage from Liverpool to Sydney, only they wasn't none of them wonderful enough to make Mike want to settle down.

"Nice-builded girls, too, some of 'em were. There was one Mike really should have took, I thought. She had meat on her, that one. Name of Hilda. Long blonde hair she had, nice solid shoulders." He sighed. "She'd have been wonderful, I bet, on a chicken farm."

"Why didn't you tell her?"

"Me?" He looked surprised. "It was Mike she was making passes at."

"Why didn't Mike make a pass at that marine who flattened him?" Eva said. "Was he waiting for you to show up?"

"No, ma'am. He knew I was in the brig."

Big John tried to collect his thoughts. "Gettin' back to the blonde. You don't have to be jealous about her."

"Is that why Mike thinks I canned him?"

"Yeah."

"Smart is no word for him," said Eva.

"He's waitin' outside, eatin' his heart out. Why don't we—"

"Do you like to dance?"

"No, ma'am."

"I know a dance place over near Fulton."

"Mike is a wonderful dancer. Once in Panama City they was givin' away a silver cup—"

"You like movies?" said Eva.

"If they're Westerns."

At this point a waiter approached. He brought Big John a note: "Can I see you for a minute about something important?" It was signed "Mike."

Eva reached briskly, read the note. "Tell him you're still explaining how wonderful he is. Tell him if he interrupts us now, it will spoil everything."

Big John went out into the freezing darkness. A voice said, "Psssst!" Mike was staring from the head of an alley that adjoined the beer parlor. His teeth were chattering.

"I been explaining to Eva about you," said Big John. "We're going to the movies now."

"Look, pal," said Mike. His voice was metallic. "I don't need no more help. I'll talk to her."

"No, Mike! You can't do that. It will spoil everything."

"Who says so?"

"Eva."

Big John had never seen his friend in such a state. Mike tried a wild haymaker. Big John took patient hold of him. He tried to make Mike understand until he saw it was useless. Then, regretfully, Big John took a bunched grip on the front of his friend's Navy jacket, backed him to the alley wall, and shook him. Mike's head bounced against the cold bricks with a faint clunk. Big John lowered him gently to a comfortable position.

He added two lines to the note Mike had written: "The movie is near Fulton Street. Wait outside and I'll fix everything fine. Your pal, John."

He went back into the beer parlor.

"How did you make out?" said Eva.

"He wouldn't listen. I hadda ring him a little. I left a note about the movies for when he wakes up."

THEY walked toward Fulton. Big John was so busy telling Eva more about Mike that he didn't notice where he was being steered until he heard the throb of music.

"Hey, this is a dance hall!"

"I like to dance with big strong men."

"Yeah, yeah . . . but—" He looked over his shoulder. He thought he could see a familiar Navy figure moving slowly along far up the dark street. "I told Mike we were going to the movies. Mike will think I am a liar."

"I'll bet you're a wonderful dancer," said Eva. "I want you to see somebody you'll be glad to meet."

"The marine?" said Big John eagerly.

Eva laughed. "My one-track darling! No, this guy is my uncle. He used to be a fight manager."

A thin man with pouchy eyes and a black mustache threaded a nimble path across the dance floor where a great many sailors were exercising their girl friends to the music of a small but loud band. "Hello, Eva. What do you hear these days?" He glanced at Big John and his pouchy eyes widened. He chuckled, patted Eva's arm. "You're overmatched, honey. You're giving away too many pounds."

"Meet my uncle," Eva said. "How do you like us, Charlie?"

"What kind of hands has he got?"

"Shake hands with Charlie," Eva said.

They shook hands. Charlie rose high on his toes and came down again. He flexed his fingers. "Not bad. Strictly a wrestler though, for my money."

"Don't be silly," said Eva. "Did I ever go wrong before?"

"Go ahead and dance. I'll take a look at his legs."

Somebody yelled for Charlie. He excused himself and went away.

"What's he want to look at my legs for?" said Big John.

"How would you like to be able to buy a farm with platinum chickens?" said Eva.

Big John blinked. Before he could reply he felt a jerk at his sleeve. He turned and saw Mike glaring at him.

"So you were going to the movies, huh? You big overgrown—"

"Oh, Charlie!" called Eva.

ACROSS the floor Charlie stopped talking with the band's tenor sax. He bumped into one of the jam-packed couples and apologized, but the man didn't seem to think an apology was enough. He let go of his blonde partner and grabbed Charlie by the collar. He was a marine with a long nose and a white scar across one of his eyebrows. He was built like a chunk of granite.

"Aw, gee," said Big John as he recognized the marine who had sloughed Mike. He walked massively across the dance floor and lifted the marine's hand away from the collar of Eva's uncle by nearly squashing the marine's wrist.

He took a bunched grip on the marine's tunic, hopped him backward like a man in a sack toward the nearest wall. The dance band had stopped playing. The marine tried to swing a haymaker at Big John's chin, but his arm wasn't long enough. Big John shook him.

"Hey, watch out!" shouted Charlie. "You want to tear the place down?"

The wall was a thin plasterboard partition between the dance floor and the corridor. The marine's skull knocked a gaping hole in it.

Big John let go his grip, puzzled by the hole in the wall. While he was pondering, the marine threw a left that was faster than a broadcast wave. It bounced off Big John's oversize jaw and recoiled for a second shot. The second try wasn't needed. Big John loosened at the knees and fell into a large paralyzed pile on the floor.

"There goes your meat ration," Charlie said to Eva. "Hey, wait a minute, sailor!"

"Wait nothing!" cried Mike Blandish. "The guy's my pal."

Mike ducked under a whizzing left

hook, buried his face against the marine's chest. They bounced against the edge of the band platform and fell over a drum.

The drum slowed up the marine's timing. Mike let fly in an agony of self-preservation. It wasn't much of a punch, but it hit the marine on the Adam's apple.

"My Gawd!" said Eva's uncle. Now they both stepped around the feebly threshing marine, convinced that Mike had called his shot and landed squarely on the button.

"Darling," said Eva. "I never knew! Why didn't you *tell* me?"

Big John Kisko rose from the floor on rubbery legs. "The wall was too thin. I musta fell down."

Eva ignored him, gave Mike a smile.

"I thought you were jealous about the blonde," Mike said.

"Jealous?" said Eva. "There isn't a blonde on earth I can't handle. Darling, you're a natural. A little over the lightweight limit, but nothing that training won't whittle off."

"You—you want me to be a boxer?" said Mike.

"Boxer, my hip," said Eva. "You've got a block buster in that right hand, darling. Charlie will get you a few easy Navy fights for a starter. By the time the war is over you'll be right up among the lightweight contenders."

Big John was beaming grogily. "Didn't I tell you I would fix it, pal? I will buy you the biggest wedding present on Fifth Avenue!" He snapped his fingers with a sad show of carelessness. "The hell with my chicken farm!"

"He don't feel so well," Mike told Eva hurriedly. "Maybe I better get him back to the ship."

It took more finesse than that to get away from Eva's radiant smile, but Mike managed it after a while.

HE and Big John tramped in heavy silence back to Dave's Harbor Light. "She loves you," said Big John. "Boy, did she kiss you!"

"Nuts," said Mike. "Two more beers."

"What's the matter? Don'tcha like her? Ain't you gonna marry her?"

"How can I get out of it?" Mike groaned. "I got to figure some way to keep from ever seeing that bloodthirsty little dame again. . . . Two more beers!" He could see Big John's face in the bar mirror. It was wrinkled like a washboard with the loyal effort to help a stricken pal.

"She'll be waiting here in Brooklyn every time the ship docks," said Mike. "Her and her Uncle Charlie."

"Hey, wait!" said Big John. "Do you *hafta* call her up? Why do you hafta? Maybe if you never phoned her no more—if, maybe, you stayed hid aboard every time we come to Brooklyn—"

"Gee!" said Mike. "Oh—gosh!" He said it like a prayer. He held out his hand and Big John clasped it until their finger bones cracked. They got up and went out and it was a beautiful night and Brooklyn smelled wonderful.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Army maneuvers in Mississippi were going forward with much dispatch. An ancient darky, black and wrinkled, sat on a dilapidated fence, drinking it all in. A company of soldiers filed by him, and he broke into a broad toothless grin.

"Doggone," he chuckled, "you-all sure am gonna get dem Yankees dis time."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Wine that won! Here, half a century ago, a vintner of Italian Swiss Colony candles a wine . . . tests its clarity in preparation for a great European wine-judging. And the Colony's wines *won another gold medal* . . . one of *many* captured at world expositions.

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

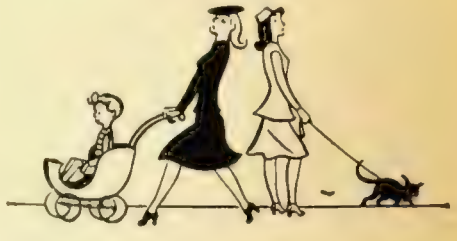
CAREER GIRLS: Three mail carriers have been replaced by a trio of mailgirls in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Emily Coeyman, Mrs. Lena Pemberton, and Mrs. Johnnie Freeman are the new pavement pounders. . . . Queen Elizabeth of the British Empire is an ordnance expert of no mean ability, according to Captain Maurice R. Wick, small-arms expert of the Army Ordnance Department. He recently returned from abroad and told how she startled him during a visit at an ordnance bivouac in Ireland by asking him to compare the relative firepower of the MI with that of the MI903. . . .

Mrs. Esther K. Untermann, forty-eight years old, has been appointed a police court judge by the Newark City Commission to succeed her husband, who died February 7. A public-school teacher since 1920, she is the first woman police court judge in the history of Newark, New Jersey.

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART: Mother will get lots of loot this year on Mother's Day (May 14), if we may judge by the heights of popularity she reached on Valentine's Day. A survey of valentines purchased in the post exchange at Mitchel Field, Long Island, by the hundreds of soldiers there from all over the country, revealed the fact that Mother was the Number One G. I. valentine girl. Not only did the boys buy more cards for Mom, they also bought her the most expensive "To My Mother" greetings, running as high as a buck a card. The stores are set for a busy spell in early May, and will sell the usual frivolous, feminine gifts, plus many more practical tokens than usual, what with Mom doing all kinds of wartime jobs.

GREAT GIRLS: Soprano Marjorie Lawrence, whose legs are paralyzed from infantile paralysis, invariably receives tumultuous applause and numerous curtain calls after a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. Stage direction must be altered so that she can enact her roles in a sitting position. Her stirring voice and her impassioned impersonations make audiences forget for long stretches that she cannot walk. The beauty of her voice is only equaled by her courage in overcoming her great misfortune. Such nobility of spirit sends hundreds of women out of the opera house vowing they will never again complain of their personal headaches. . . . Mrs. Pauline Venard of Berkeley, California, offered to give one of her eyes to Technical Sergeant Forrest L. Vosier of Livonia, New York, who stuck to his guns after being hit in the face by shell fragments, until he asked to be thrown from his crippled ship in order to lighten the load and give it a better chance to return to home base. He is said to be recovering from his wounds, and that his injured right eye is improving.

NAUGHTY GIRLS: Miss Sally Scully, stately, white-haired, and in her early sixties, looks highly aristocratic, but her record of arrests dates back to 1902. A grand larceny charge recently brought her to Felony Court in New York City. She was caught allegedly lifting cash from the pocketbook of Mrs. Myra Solomon in a Fifth Avenue department store. Mrs. Solomon was unaware she had been separated from her handbag until informed by Store Detectives Helen Laughlin and Harriet Allsopp. . . . Mrs. Ida Frank, a sixty-year-old grandmother who heads a $1,000,000-a-year poultry business in the Bronx, was sentenced to three months in jail and fined $5,000 for exceeding OPA ceilings. According to U. S. Attorney James B. M. McNally, Mrs. Frank's operations from April 29, 1943, to June 11, 1943, included exaction of overceiling payments varying from two to seventeen cents a pound. Her attorney asked leniency on the grounds that she had thirty-two grandchildren and a hitherto spotless record of thirty-seven years in the poultry business. Judge Simon Rifkind said, "The public



must know that the price control statute was passed in furtherance of the war effort. Under the circumstances, reluctant as I am in considering this case of a woman in advanced years, a person with a previously unblemished record, I must impose sentence."

MOTHER'S DAY ON MURRAY HILL

I'm certain that it cannot be
As wholly satisfactory
To walk a dog as push a pram,
Which tangibly proclaims I am
The mother of a toothsome son—
That's my idea of good clean fun.

OUT ON A LIMB: The OPA in Portland, Oregon, received a wistful application for a gas-stove priority from a beleaguered husband who felt he had just cause for asking special consideration. Said he: "I have always had a wood stove, but now my wife is sick and can no longer bring in the wood."

AMERICA'S NOSIEST MAN

Continued from Page 23

Jimmy got his first break one day in the '20s when Payne casually ordered him to interview the five richest men in New York and ask them, "Are you a success?" Jimmy stalked Judge Elbert Gary, president of U. S. Steel, and nabbed him as he stepped out of a limousine.

"I can't answer you," the magnate brushed him off. "Too many people might misconstrue. I've got to think of my position. *I'm* Judge Gary. Sorry." And he started to walk away.

Jimmy's heart sank. "Judge," he pleaded, "my paper is a new, struggling paper, and many of its readers are poor. An answer to that question from a man in your position might inspire a boy here and there and he might become a better man because of it. Won't you, please?"

Swayed, the judge took the young reporter up to his office overlooking the Hudson. As he sat at his desk thinking out his answer, the battleships of the Atlantic fleet swung into view, ships that had been built of his steel. "Yes," said the judge in a faraway voice, "I think I'm a success." By the time Jimmy was ready to leave, the millionaire had spoken freely, had offered him a job with U. S. Steel starting at the bottom rung, and had given him an autographed copy of his new book.

THE judge's precious answer locked in his notebook, Jimmy rounded up others: Irving T. Bush of the Bush Terminal Company, Newcomb Carlton, president of Western Union, Edward L. Doheny, president of the Mexican Petroleum Company, and James Butler, grocery-chain czar.

Those five answers in his hand, he held a royal flush that raised the eyebrows of the Fourth Estate as well as his paper's circulation. For this journalistic jackpot the News gave him a ten-dollar raise.

Chasing celebrities to glamorize his column has always been Jimmy's weakness. When genial General Balbo stopped off in New York during his global flight, Jimmy asked six pretty girls, "Do you consider General Balbo handsome and do you like his beard?" "I do," said one girl, "and I wouldn't mind feeling those whiskers next to my face."

Artfully dodging the police guarding Balbo at his hotel, Jimmy found the general and the Italian ambassador in the lounge. He slipped up behind them, showed the column to the general. After the startled ambassador had translated the answers, Balbo roared with laughter. "Give it to me," he begged. "I'll send it to my wife so she'll appreciate me."

Originally, Jimmy made up the questions himself, with occasional assists from the city room staff. When this oasis ran dry, he suggested that the paper invite queries from readers, pay winners a dollar, and print their names. The reward was hiked up to five bucks when the News became a circulation powerhouse. The column now hauls in some 1,600 contributions a day, even outdraws the advice-to-the-lovelorn service.

Jemail combs each day's offerings personally. He has always worked alone,

(*Continued on page 72*)

Housework's the Only Job I Know

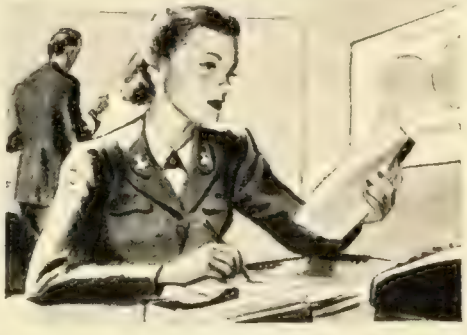
— what could I do in a war job?

"The More Women at War —The Sooner We'll Win!"

Harness that housework energy and skill to *any* home-front service! Every day, more and more women *must* help keep production moving! If your town needs workers, each day you delay means more men must die—Victory must be postponed. Below, see how many domestic duties can be applied to a war job!

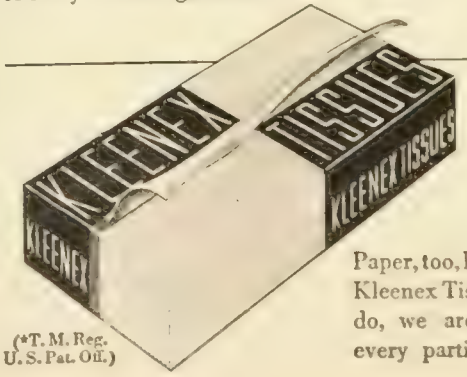
Ever cook—serve meals? . . . a restaurant or hotel needs you! A real war job, if ever there was one—*vital* to civilian life! Full time, part time, there's a place for you, with pay. Read the classified ads in your home paper—for openings available *now*. Or get free advice from your Employment Service Office.

Ever wash and iron? . . . laundries need you! If you can run a washing machine, or do *anything* in the laundering line, here's a war job that will relieve your country of a serious problem! See the want ads. Also, your U. S. Employment Service Office will gladly give you free information.



Ever keep accounts? . . . manage household bills, budgets? The WACS, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES need women for many types of work. Jobs computing pay rolls, keeping records, etc. Serve in uniform—release a man to fight! Inquire at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.

Ever go marketing? . . . try selling! It's like shopping—in *reverse*. Drug store clerks are urgently needed to sell cosmetics and other items, to serve at fountains or as cashiers. A job in *any* store is *essential!* Inquire in your neighborhood—read those want ads! Start working *today!*



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Governor Stuyvesant hears there's more skulduggery afoot than he planned on.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY *(Producers' Corp.—U. A.)*

Nelson Eddy, Charles Coburn, Constance Dowling

THIS rollicking new treatment of the Maxwell Anderson-Kurt Weill musical play opens on a merry note as New Amsterdam's town crier (echoed musical-comedy fashion by a chorus of children) announces that Peter Stuyvesant is coming to be the new governor. Fresh, lighthearted music sweeps you around quaint corners, buoys your spirits, and promises pleasant things to come. When the governor turns out to be a peg-legged Charles Coburn, and complications arise in the personable person of Nelson Eddy—who fights tyranny from his printing shop and loves the daughter (Constance Dowling) of the corrupt chief councilman (sly Ernest Cossart) —the thing is clinched. Indians who grunt, "And how!" a sparkling satirical script that laughs at itself (among other things), and the sad-faced antics of Percy Kilbride provide extra helpings of jollity all around.

Four lilting songs have been retained from the Broadway production, five pleasing new ones added. Eddy and Miss Dowling sing delightfully, and Carmen Amaya, volcanic gypsy dancer, adds to the proceedings. At times the triple-deck structure of satire, musical comedy, and movie buffoonery tends to pull apart, but the music and Coburn (who comes off magna cum laude) hold it in line. You'll go home with a lightsome carefree feeling, humming a tune—and that's worth a lot these days.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FOLLOW THE BOYS (Universal). George Raft, Vera Zorina. Drama with music.
LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Warners). Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan. Drama.
SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE (M-G-M). Robert Walker, Donna Reed. Comedy.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
THE PURPLE HEART (20th Cent.-Fox). Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Sam Levene. Drama.
THE SULLIVANS (20th Cent.-Fox). Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle. Drama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
UNCERTAIN GLORY (Warner Bros.). Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas. Drama
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.

MABEL'S room has been done over by a Hollywood decorator—but there's still space under the bed for three men and a pair of mules! The Broadway farce of the '20s reappears with swank modern trappings and a lively cast, with all the old howls intact. Befuddled Gary (Dennis O'Keefe) is still trying to get back that incriminating bit of lingerie he bestowed on Mabel (Gail Patrick) in Mexico before he married Geraldine (pretty Marjorie Reynolds). With Mischa Auer serving as accomplice, and Binnie Barnes, Lee Bowman, and John Hubbard gaily gumming up the works indoors while Charlotte Greenwood patrols the front yard with a shotgun, there's not much chance for anything but hysterics—if scrambled spouses and scanties strike your funnybone. Even if they don't, you're likely to chortle in spite of yourself under the spell of Allan Dwan's slick, speedy direction. Auer's hypnotic Russian baby talk and his tag line are choice tidbits in this high-pressure soufflé. (Edward Small-U. A.)

IT seems there's a lot going on down there in the Gulf of Mexico—shipwrecks, submarines, and espionage, and gals like Lynn Bari fished up out of the ocean with neither papers nor pajamas. Susceptible Captain Bart (Edward G. Robinson) of the rescuing tanker notes the shapely white—er—feet of the mystery miss, and marries her when they hit Tampico. Then when he loses his ship to a U-boat and barely escapes with his life, it seems she's a spy. He loses his grip and soon he's out of uniform and up to his neck in Nazis, with nobody trusting anybody else further than you can toss a shipload of oil. Even Bart's best friend (Victor McLaglen)—well, nothing turns out to be what it seems, if that helps any. Casting is part of the trouble here. Robinson and Bari sometimes click separately, but not together. McLaglen is swamped. Finest acting is in an extraneous bit by Helen Brown as Mrs. Kelly. But the rescue scenes and exploding oil tanker in a sea of fire are top-notch. (20th Century-Fox).

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As So Many Druggists Say!

If you suffer from itching, burning soreness from cracked, scaly skin between toes—just feel how *promptly* the first applications of medicated *liquid* Zemo relieve distress. Thus Zemo gives the irritated skin a chance to heal *faster*. Zemo is one product that *really* works.

Use Zemo freely—soon your discomfort should disappear. Zemo is a Doctor's formula backed by 35 years' success. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. It *must* be good. The first trial convinces.

NOTE: *Zemo is Also Grand For Tired, Sore Burning Feet*

ZEMO

(*Continued from page 69*)

because he has never been able to find an aide sufficiently attuned to the tabloid mind to select the type of question that makes the column successful.

"The last time I tried to hire a helper, I gave him a basketful of letters and ordered him to weed out the ten best questions," Jimmy says. "He picked a batch of booby traps. I went through the rejected pile and found this natural, which the sender directed be asked of shoe salesmen: 'When customers come in to buy shoes, what excuse do they give when you find a hole in their sock?' It sounds screwy, but it's just what I want."

According to him, the perfect question must have human interest, possibilities for humor, and "should be able to happen to anybody." Obtaining interesting answers is the second step, with the reporter tagging twenty passers-by and skimming the best six for his daily newsreel.

HIS column is forever serving as a human Lost and Found department. When he asked a woman, "What do you want the most out of life?" she replied: "My only child, who is sixteen years old and ran away to enlist in the Canadian Army." Jimmy ran her answer in the Sunday edition of the News, which has an estimated readership of 9,000,000. In Canada, the boy's C. O. read the mother's heartbroken plea and acted swiftly. Within two days the Canadian Legation in Washington asked Jimmy for a copy of the youth's birth certificate. A week later the mother set a home-fried chicken dinner before her son.

Jimmy's oddest experience occurred when he stopped one grave-looking individual with: "How do you know you are sane?"

"I can prove it in black and white," the stranger replied. "Here's my discharge certificate from Bellevue!"

Recently Jimmy accosted a woman seated on a park bench. "Do you prefer single or double beds?" he asked.

She neither slapped his face nor called for a policeman. "Oh, the Inquiring Fotographer!" she guessed. "I was hoping you'd catch me some day." The lady posed for her picture, then, for tabloid posterity, went on record as favoring one bed for two.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT

"Of course I wasn't a wrestler in civilian life! Why?"

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

TO EASE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES
Try the "Old Reliable"

For over 50 years, good old medicated Sayman Salve has been helping suffering people ease the painful soreness of simple piles. Containing not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients, Sayman Salve helps to soothe, cool and protect tender, irritated membranes, soften hardened parts, lubricate dry tissue. Acts as a comforting and palliative agent. 25c and 60c. All druggists. Ask for

SAYMAN SALVE

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The Things You Want When The War Is Won.....

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If You Save Now in

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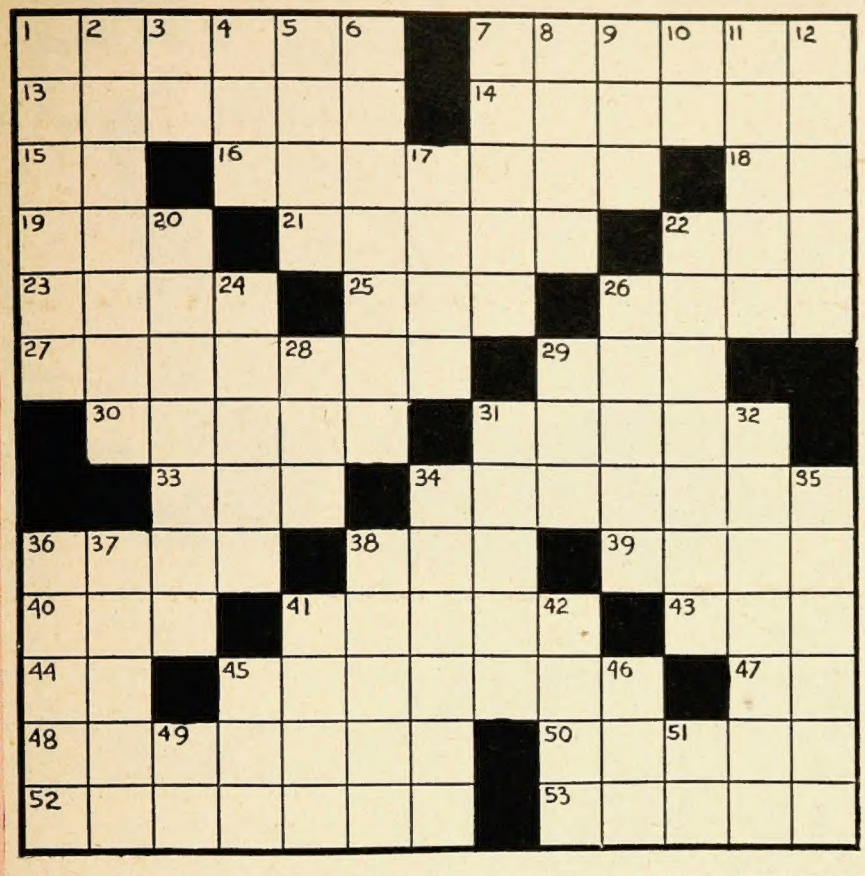
QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 With what race would you identify Owens, Paddock, and Bernie Wefers?
7 In cricket what's the batter's box called?
13 If he's a Friend what's his religious denomination likely to be?
14 What's a synonym for a "get"?
15 Kind of American who's not welcome here?
16 Boccaccio is said to be the King of what form of literature?
18 For the sake of example, very short? (abbr.)
19 What word usually follows Sherman or Volstead?
21 What branch brought great hope to Noah?
22 What sign now adorns many Broadway restaurants? (abbr.)
23 The late Oliver Herford said his wife was a woman with an iron what?
25 On April 18, '61, who refused Lincoln's offer of field commander of the U. S. Army?
26 The cassock became the modern what?
27 Nose art is an anagram for what?
29 Pronoun
30 What kind of tease do the police forbid in New York City?
31 If a rigadoon's not a troop, what is it?
33 What's the most common agreeable word?
34 What did the ancient Romans hang on their heroes?
36 Who are Perry's Follies?
38 Name a forbidding word
39 Part is an anagram for what?
40 Water is known as Adam's what?
41 The Commando is skilled in the what?
43 Complete: —— de la Paix
44 Etaoin shrudlu is what?
45 Bedroom is an anagram for what?
47 To its natives the City of the Angels is known as what? (abbr.)
48 What are said to be superior to words?
50 The grade what was recently abandoned by Congress?
52 What's the sharpest town in Arizona?
53 Hitches and slings are forms of whats?

VERTICAL

1 Who are the oldest ladyreds in this country?
2 What can be tools, drinks, or haymakers?
3 Who was the son of a Nut?
4 Give the nickname of the world's most famed Dwight?
5 Who was the last of the Caesars?
6 What form of slattern suggests an English writer?
7 What suicide founded the British Empire in India?
8 What bowl is cluttered with dead Japs?
9 Tea's an anagram for what?
10 Preposition
11 Abraham, Jacob, and Moses were whats?
12 What fungus attacks cereal plants; is a drug?
17 What is unsafe to shed in a theater?
20 What was the original candid camera shot?
22 Postgraduates usually study in a what?
24 What animals are being sung about in double-talk?
26 What's the windshield on a medieval tinhat called?
28 Sit (anagram)
29 Ben —— was played by Ramon Novarro in the '20s
31 Nomad is an anagram for Leibnitz' what?
32 Juliet's last name was what?
34 Scares is the anagram for what loving word?
35 Poilerns is a synonym for what in Basic Brooklynese?
36 Where is the river Tone situated?
37 Who is the heroine of a screwball utopia?
38 What word with an added "o" becomes a country?
41 What medievalist was rarely a genuine idiot?
42 The vitellus is fancy for what?
45 Bridge term
46 "Though every prospect pleases, and only —— is vile"
49 Chem. symb.
51 What's the difference between a cat and a polecat? (abbr.)

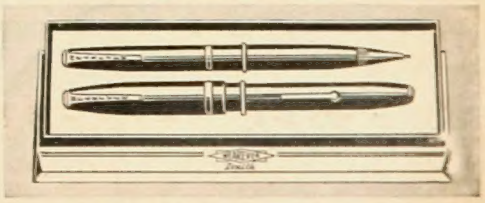
Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Pen-man-ship

The *pen* is a Wearever Zenith, that sm-o-o-o-th writing beauty with ruby top. The *man* is that soldier or sailor overseas. The *ship* carries your letter to him. Put them together and they spell PENMANSHIP—Wearever's way of urging you to write him soon. If your dealer is out of Wearever Zenith pens, remember the armed forces have priority. DAVID KAHN, Inc. (Est. 1896)

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil Set in attractive gift box $2.75



MAY 13, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
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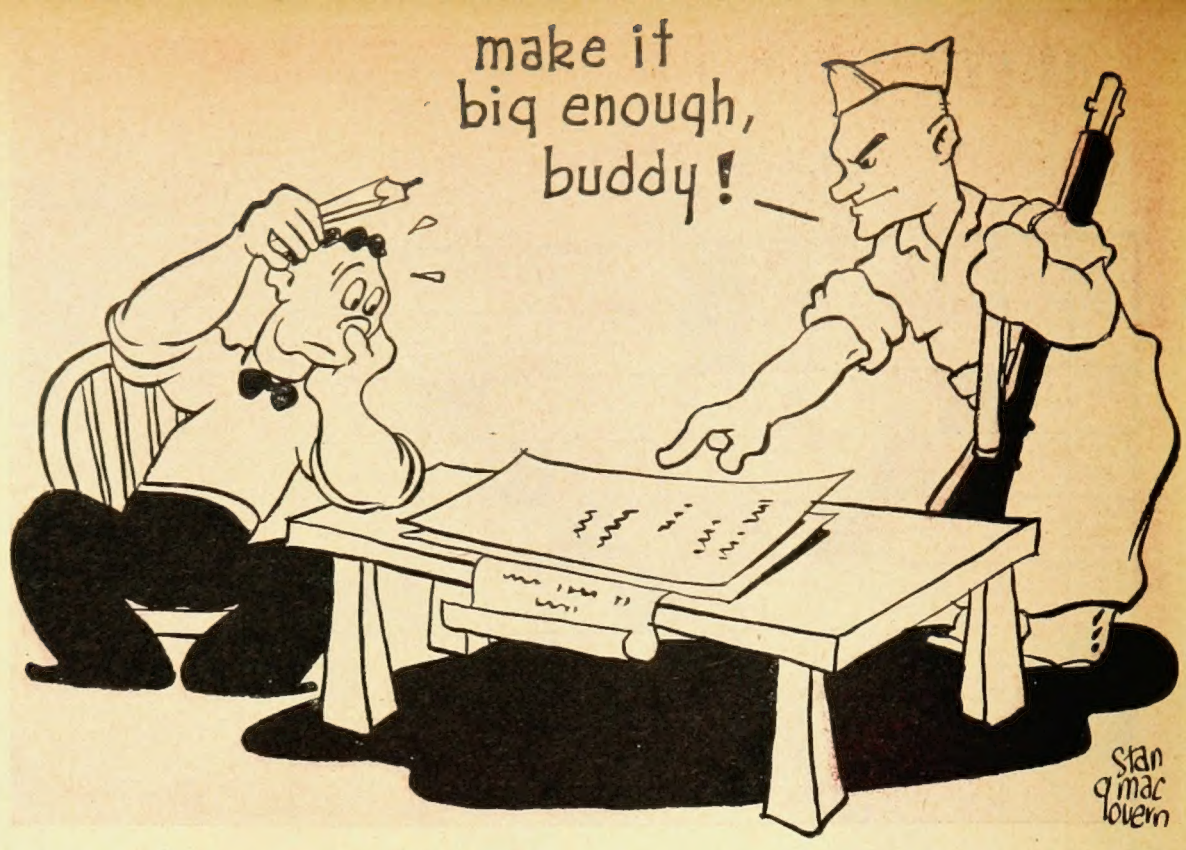


MAKE NO LITTLE PLANS FOR POSTWAR AMERICA

PREDICTIONS of America's future in the postwar years are many and varied. Some folks are supremely optimistic. Others fear catastrophe, with millions out of work and our highly geared wartime economy falling into chaos when the last shot is fired.

Postwar planning is now one of our widespread national pastimes. Everybody has his own idea of what to do with our enhanced manufacturing capacity and how to readjust it to peacetime operations.

One thought all of our postwar planners might bear in mind is the impossibility of visualizing postwar America from the same viewpoint as prewar America. The war has brought about changes in the tempo of our existence equally as great as those brought about by the last war—probably greater. Those who can remember back to 1914, and before, will recall that living in those days was at a far slower tempo. People made less money and their wants were a good deal less. Many things we now consider necessities were unheard of in those days. A man making twenty-five dollars a week could and did raise a family of five or six kids, keeping them in at least the necessities of life as we conceived them to be at that time.

Before 1914 the automobile was a new and rare vehicle. Families with cars were counted in thousands rather than millions. The electric refrigerator, the radio, the washing machine and most of our present household gadgets were still "future necessities." We lived more simply and it cost a lot less to do so.

After 1918 there was no returning to the old days. The tempo of American life had been greatly accelerated and it continued to accelerate. Wages went up; the "wants" of people went up; business activity increased; bank deposits increased; the turnover of money increased; and—so did the national debt.

It will be the same after this war. History, as it often does, will repeat itself. We will have moved to a plane of living permanently higher than it was before the war. Prices will be high and will stay high. People will want more things and will continue to want more things. Wages sufficient to satisfy these wants will be paid and will continue to be paid. To live on this increased plane we will do more business. We will make more and sell more, both at home and abroad. We have learned how to do it and this knowledge will be put to use. Whether we will be happier or not depends on our spiritual resources quite as much as on our ability to make use of the knowledge and facilities at our disposal.

It is beyond the scope of any man's ability to measure the heights to which America may rise in the postwar years. We are certain, however, that any man who plans his own future or the future of others would do well to make no little plans.

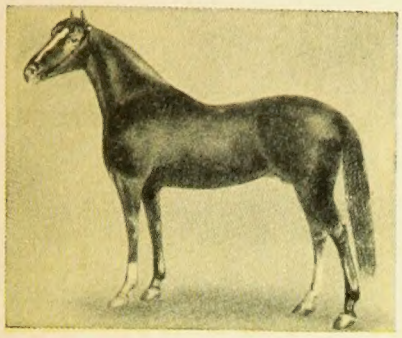
Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Through 70 years of

Pulse Pounding Kentucky Derbies

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME



1875 **ARISTRIDES,** winner of the first Kentucky Derby, worth $2,850, at 2:37¾, the fastest mile and a half ever run by a 3 year-old in the U. S. at that time. Ten thousand people saw the first Derby in Corby's 17th year of whiskey fame.

1903 **NEW MANAGEMENT** took over Churchill Downs and the thoroughbreds ran the 29th Derby. Judge Himes went the 1¼ mile in 2:09 to win $4,850, before 20,000 people. This Derby was in Corby's 45th year as a great whiskey name.

1944 **THE 70TH DERBY,** with Whirlaway's 1941 Derby record of 2:01-2/5 still standing, and $60,000 plus for the winner. The great stands and Terraces at The Downs will fill with more than 60,000 in this 86th year of Corby's fame.

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